May 25, 1960

Registered in Australia for transmission by post as a newspaper

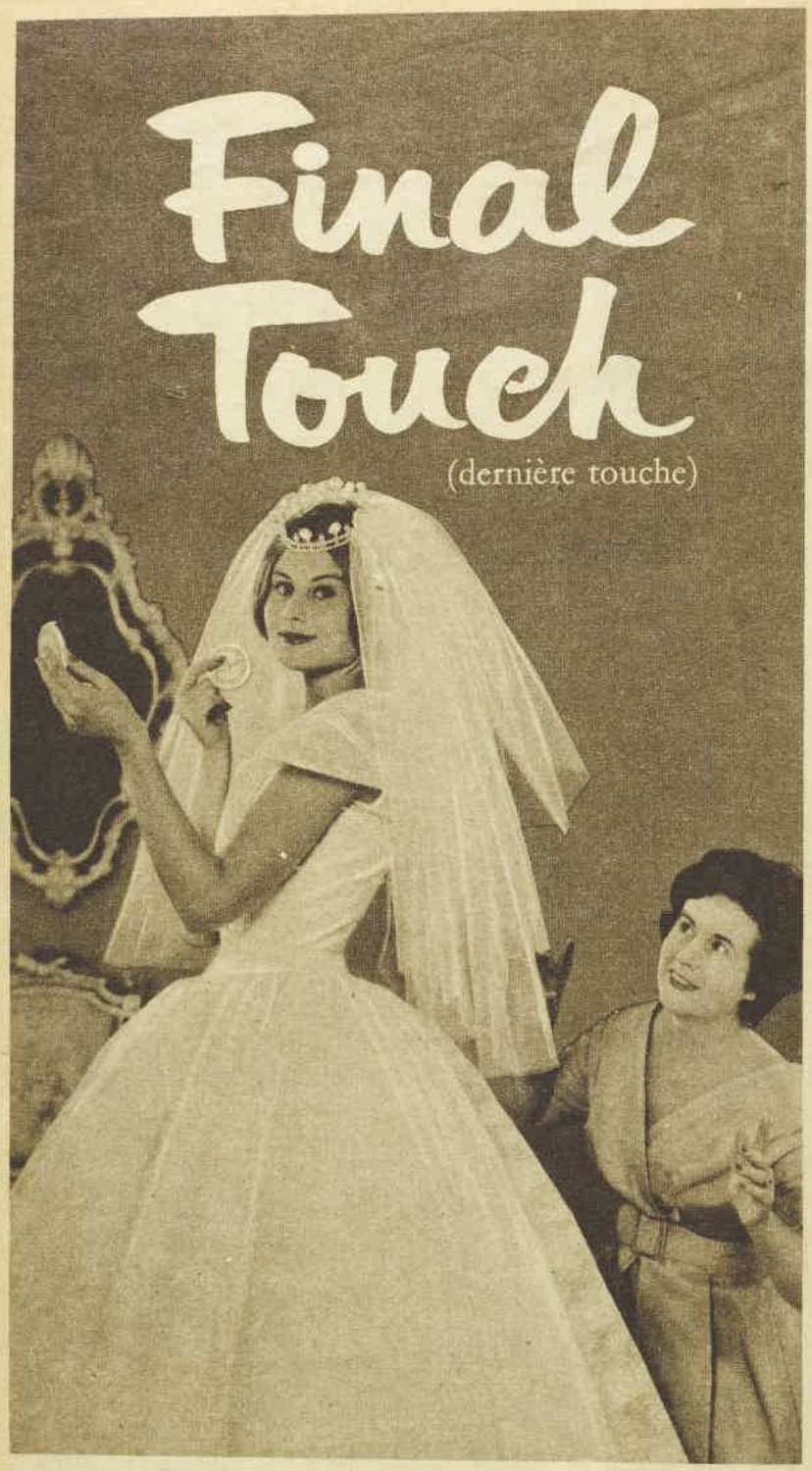
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Melbourne: Newspaper House, 247 Collins St., Melbourne. Letters: Box 185C, G.P.O.
Brisbane: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 409F, G.P.O.
Adelaide: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O.
Perth: C/o Newspaper House, 125 St. George's Terrace, Perth. Letters: Box 491G, G.P.O.
Tasmania: Letters to Sydney address.

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● French milliner Claude St. Cyr, who designed Princess Margaret's superb white tulle wedding veil, also created the frivolous topknots of veiling, flowers, and jewels in our Australia-wide L'Oreal of Paris Fashion Festival.

FAMOUS French hairdresser M. Rene Luzic is using these topknots to transform some of his dinner-date styles into glamorous formal evening hairdo's for the festival, which we are conducting in conjunction with Marigny.

Marcelle Poirier, of our Paris staff, told us:

"Madame St. Cyr, who designed a series of hats for Princess Margaret's trousseau, also makes for Queen Elizabeth and the Queen Mother.



CLAUDE ST. CYR, at work in her Paris salon.

"The three Royal customers always talk to their hatmaker in French.

"She drives to the Palace or Clarence House in Norman Hartnell's Rolls-Royce, and etiquette demands that she go hatless. No one must appear before the Queen or members of the Royal family in the palace's private apartments wearing a hat.

"Although Madame St. Cyr cannot reveal what she has designed for the Princess, it is very likely that the Royal trousseau contains at least one evening topknot similar to those the milliner made for the Fashion Festival."

★ ★ ★

LIP-READERS have been much in demand for the telecasts of the Royal wedding. Everyone was curious to know what Prince Philip said to make Princess Margaret smile as they walked down the aisle.

Mrs. Irene Hedges, vice-president of the Queensland branch of the Australian Association for Better Hearing, tells us that at one stage he said: "Smile, Margaret, and you won't feel so nervous. Keep smiling. That's good. Keep smiling."

Soon after they arrived in the Abbey he asked her: "Have you seen your mother?"

Mrs. Hedges also was able to read some of the conversation when the Royal family appeared on the balcony at Buckingham Palace.

She "saw" Princess Margaret say to the Queen Mother, "You go inside now, Mum."

★ ★ ★

THIS issue had to go to press with color pages still at a minimum and Teenagers' Weekly as a pull-out from pages 29 to 36.

We hope that our next issue will be back to normal, with all our regular features, and Teenagers' Weekly again the 16-page pull-out.

★ ★ ★

DAVID McNICOLL, Editor-in-Chief of Australian Consolidated Press, who recently visited Moscow (pages 12, 13), told us some amusing anecdotes of the people he met on his flight to the Soviet capital.

On the plane from Delhi to Tashkent, capital of Uzbekistan, and the most important city in Central Asia, was a Tibetan lama.

David McNicoll wrote: "The lama was a delightful character. He spoke perfect English, smiled continually, and moved with remarkable aplomb for a man whose saffron-clad body also supported a large overnight bag, a lamp, a thermos, and two enormous fox-skin rugs.

"At Tashkent, as the Customs man was chalking my luggage and wishing me a pleasant stay in Russia, I said to him: 'You speak excellent English. Where did you learn that?'"

"'In the Soviet Union. Where else?' he replied."

David McNicoll describes his visit to the airport restaurant at Tashkent.

"On the plate in front of each of us were two pieces of cake.

"The attendants were all in dark dresses with white aprons and bob caps. One of the old dears, who was clucking round me in a motherly fashion, was so upset that I wasn't tucking into some cake that threw calories to the wind and ate a great slice—pretty good, too."

Our Cover

● Beautiful bride Princess Margaret—her husband, Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones by her side—waves to cheering crowds as the couple travel in the glass coach to Buckingham Palace after their wedding in Westminster Abbey. Cover picture by Maurice Wilmott and page 8 by Alec Murray.

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The Royal Wedding

FAMILY GROUP



IN THE THRONE-ROOM at Buckingham Palace, the wedding group posed for this official color photograph by Cecil Beaton, following the marriage of Princess Margaret to Antony Armstrong-Jones at Westminster Abbey. In the back row (from left) are the Countess of Rosse, the bridegroom's mother; Prince Charles; the Queen; the bridegroom and bride; Prince Philip; the Queen Mother; and Mr. Ronald Armstrong-Jones, the bridegroom's father. In front are the eight bridesmaids. They are (from left) Lady Rose Nevill, Lady Sarah Lowther, Annabel Rhodes, Catherine Vesey, Lady Virginia Fitzroy, Princess Anne, Angela Nevill, and Marilyn Wills.

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THEY CAME TO SEE...





AT THE ABBEY. The Queen (above), followed by the Queen Mother and the Prince of Wales, arrives for the wedding of her sister.

MOTHER of the bridegroom (left), the Countess of Rosse, pictured with the Earl of Rosse as they drive to the Abbey ceremony.



ELEGANT Princess Alexandra (right), who travelled in the Royal procession from Buckingham Palace, escorted by a Sovereign's Escort of Household Cavalry.

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. . . MARGARET MARRIED

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Our next job is to modernise the bathroom with Hardie's New Satin Finish Tilux—the pattern and exciting colours are so up-to-date.

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Fibrolite File-Away Feature

Bathroom Remodelling

Here are a few "can't miss" tips for bathroom remodelling . . .

Because of the small area involved, a complete reline with "New Tilux" costs very little. Floor-to-ceiling panels cut down on maintenance because this permanently coloured sheet is heat-, steam-, and mark-resistant and the smart satin finish is so easy to clean.

With the wide range in sheet sizes there's no wastage, very little cutting on the job. In fact, any handyman can follow the simple instructions for fixing with "Lumex" — a trim aluminium coverstrip.



Add a Modern Vanity

And as no bathroom today is complete without a vanity, you can have yours tailored to room size and lay-out in "New Tilux." Mist Grey walls with a Rose Pink vanity or Marbletone walls with a Sun Gold vanity are just two of the many attractive combinations available with "New Tilux."

Illustration shows one simple design with basin set into the countertop and drawers to take make-up, soap, extra bath towels, etc. You may like to include a make-up box with a lift-up lid set flush in the countertop, or—if space permits—roomy storage bins set in under the counter for soiled laundry.

Build a Room Divider



If it is a room divider you are planning, have one that combines good-looking storage with practical space separation. Unit shown fits between the dining and living area and is faced with Striated "Fibrolite."

You could adapt it to separate the kitchen from dining—using "New Tilux" on the kitchen side and Striated "Fibrolite" facing the living area.



A Feature Wall

There's no limit to ideas for feature walls with all the new "Fibrolite" building materials. Flat Sheets with polished timber battens spaced at 9" or 12" centres give the room a smart accent. Striated "Fibrolite" fixed to form a checkerboard pattern is another new idea. And if you have decided on a wallpaper feature wall, why not fix it over low-cost "Fibrolite" Flat Sheets?

Eileen Lewis

HOME PLANNING AND DECORATING ADVISER



FROM THIS DAY FORWARD

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Pageantry for bride



THE WEDDING PROCESSION (above) in its blaze of color arrives at the West Door of Westminster Abbey for the marriage of Princess Margaret and Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones. It was London pageantry at its best.

THE BRIDE (right) looking lovely in her unadorned organza gown and tulle veil, designed by Norman Hartnell, pictured at Buckingham Palace after the Abbey ceremony. Study is by Court photographer Cecil Beaton.

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RADIANT COUPLE. Smiling happily to the crowds packing London streets for a glimpse of them, the newlyweds (above) drive from Buckingham Palace to Tower Pier, where they embarked on the Royal Yacht Britannia at the beginning of a five weeks' cruise in the Caribbean.

AT THE PALACE. Guests at the small family wedding reception lined up (below) to farewell Margaret and Antony as they set off on their honeymoon. Guests had already thrown confetti and rose-petals over the couple. Giving them a final wave are the Queen and the Queen Mother.



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ON THE BALCONY at Buckingham Palace following the Westminster Abbey ceremony, Princess Margaret and her husband, Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones, with members of the Royal family and the wedding group, acknowledge the cheers of the London crowd.

The end of a perfect day...



AT TOWER PIER Princess Margaret is welcomed by Viscount Simon, Chairman of the Port of London Authority, before she and Antony Armstrong-Jones board the Royal Yacht Britannia for their West Indies honeymoon cruise. Rose petals still cling to her.

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The TWO

By DAVID McNICOLL, Editor-in-Chief of Australian Consolidated Press, who recently visited Moscow



DAVID McNICOLL

● I have seen some pretty sumptuous suites in my day, but never anything like suite 101 at Moscow's Hotel National.

I HAD reached the suite in a tiny old-fashioned lift. When I opened the door to the suite I nearly fainted.

I didn't know it then that Suite 101 is Moscow's V.I.P. suite, and its last two occupants had been Gordon Churchill, the Canadian Minister of Trade, and America's Averell Harriman.

The suite was 21 yards long, the drawing - room painted in duck-egg blue, the bedroom rose-pink.

The desks, one in each room, were inset with enamel, and would fetch hundreds in any auction room.

The mirrors were unbelievable. One was 12 feet high, surrounded by gilt cherubs holding candlesticks. The beds were shaped like boats, with sheep's heads in gold on each corner.

The main room was lit by a 40-candle chandelier. The carpets, which almost covered the parquetry floors, were superb in texture and design.

No hot water

Where did all this luxurious stuff come from? Was it bought specially for the hotel in the early part of the century? Or was it picked up at a "disposal" sale of Czarist effects after the Revolution?

I've been trying to find out, but nobody seems to be able, or wants, to give an answer.

I unpacked, made for the bathroom to take a bath before going to bed.

The water was not even lukewarm, and it trickled into the bath at a pace which would have taken an hour to fill the tub. There was no shower.

I had had my first lesson in the crazy anomalies of Russia.

The phone went at nine o'clock next morning. Some prankster had installed it about 20 feet from the bed, so I crawled from the covers and made for it.

"Mr. McNicoll?" asked a female voice. "This is your interpreter. At what time do you think you'll be downstairs."

I told the voice I would join it as soon as I'd had some breakfast.

"Okay," said the voice. "Suppose we meet in the Service Bureau off the main lobby in an hour."

I rang for some breakfast. A jolly, red-faced girl in uniform presented herself, and suggested that I have "cuffee, jarm, booter, and omletter."

I readily agreed, and in about 10 minutes it appeared.

Don't expect too much in the way of food in Russia. It is adequate, but not good. They are incapable of making toast, and the coffee is not the sort that makes you want a second cup. But it's food, and you don't go to Russia expecting the Savoy Hotel grill-room.

The water in the bathroom had warmed up overnight, and I filled a bath (half an hour's work) and shaved. At ten o'clock I went downstairs and presented myself at the Service Bureau.

"My name is Raya. I am your interpreter."

The girl who spoke was small, blonde, and short-sighted. She wore a neat dress, red shoes with low heels, and spoke with a most unattractive type of American accent.

In Moscow your interpreter becomes the most important part of your visit. It is he or she who arranges for you to see the things in which you're interested, who orders your cars, buys your theatre tickets, sees that nobody robs you, and at the same time does her best to give you a running account of what people around you are saying.

Raya was a super-efficient, somewhat tight-lipped, dedicated Communist. After a day or so I became convinced that I could persuade the merry members of the hotel staff that the capitalist system had it all over Communism—but not in a million years would anyone ever persuade Raya.

She took me over in her politely efficient manner, bullied me, would only drink mineral water when I ordered vodka. In fact, much as I came to admire Raya, she was not the sort of woman I would want to come home to.

Party line

She was 26, married to an engineer, no children. She would argue the merits of Communism, dish out the party line, and, even when backed into a corner on some economic argument, she would refuse to give in—just purse her lips, shrug her shoulders, and dart a myopic look at me as if to say: "Shut up, you stupid representative of a decadent system."

"What do you want to see in Moscow?" she asked me.

I ran off the list: a school, a divorce court in session, the Lenin-Stalin Mausoleum, the Czarist jewel collection, the art galleries, a workers' party, the Bolshoi Ballet, the University — and Khrushchev's home.

"I do not know where Khrushchev lives," she said. "Nobody in Moscow knows."

(Two days later I told her where Khrushchev lived and pointed out the house. She was genuinely interested, and I realised she'd been telling the truth when she said she hadn't known.)

Moscow is uniformly drab, but not an ugly city. The Kremlin and the churches are decorative. The huge blocks of workers' flats are utilitarian, rather shoddily finished.

The huge new hotels and Government offices are magnificent looking, but by their sheer magnificence throw the

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FACES of MOSCOW

rest of the city into unflattering relief.

Overall the effect is of a city being rebuilt by unimaginative architects with limited budgets.

After half an hour of seeing workers' housing settlements, I said to Raya, "Haven't you any slums? Am I able to see any part of Moscow I wish."

"Anywhere," she said. "Of course we have slums, but fewer every day. Tell the driver to go anywhere you wish."

I signalled the driver to turn left, and we shot down side streets and alleys. I saw lots of second-grade houses, but I have to confess I couldn't find a genuine slum. But on the other hand I didn't know how many people were crammed into the dwellings I saw.

On the way to the university we passed the huge athletic training stadiums, and Raya said that training for the Olympics was now in full swing.

I mentioned having seen Vladimir Kuts at the Games in Melbourne, and asked if he was still about.

"He was beaten by another athlete. We do not hear of him now," said Raya.

"Been sent to Siberia, I suppose," I said.

"Not very funny," said Raya.

Fast traffic

There are plenty of cars on Moscow streets, and taxi-drivers seem to drive like taxi-drivers everywhere. There is no speed limit, but the car must always be "under control." The pedestrian does not seem to have any right on crossings except at big intersections.

The cars are mostly about the size of a Holden — the Volga seems the most popular make. They are nippy, and have a gear shift on the steering wheel.

Trains are of modern design, and trolley buses and trams are modern and efficient. There are standard fares for travel on any public transport in the city area,—an idea which could well be introduced in Sydney.

The subways, as the West has heard ad infinitum, are magnificent in their splendor. But, as Raya pointed out, the newer stations have not the same acres of ornate marble and dazzling chandeliers. The Russians are finding that there are more rewarding things on which to outlay money than scintillating subways.

The University of Moscow is an edifice of such size that you can't help wondering how it can operate efficiently.

There are 23,000 students in the various faculties, about 80 per cent. on scholarships. More than 6000 students "live in."

I was keen to have a look at the embalmed Lenin and Stalin in their chilly home on the side of the Red Square, and Raya arranged for our car to drop us nearby a few minutes before 12.45, the hour at which the two heroes go on exhibition.

By this time each day thousands of people are lined up waiting to go in, queued two by two for a mile or more.

Raya flashed a pass at one of the red-capped policemen outside the mausoleum, and he put us about tenth in the line.

In the anterooms the air is warm and permeated by a faint and rather nauseatingly sweet smell, something like a mixture of listerine and French scent. It clung everywhere, and seemed to get stronger as we walked downstairs.

At the foot of the stairs we turned right and entered the Lenin-Stalin chamber. Here the temperature was chilly, a sudden contrast from outside.

We walked up a flight of stairs, and there were the two Russian leaders.

Lenin, who has been embalmed since 1924, looks waxlike. Even the golden shaft of light which suffuses the faces of both men fails to take away the whiteness from Lenin.

Both men are lying on biers which are at about a 15 degree angle. From their waists down they are covered by drapes, and their hands lie—not folded—across the top of the drape.

Lenin is in street clothes. Stalin in his marshal's uniform. I found Stalin a pretty menacing figure, even in death. You can pass within a couple of feet of his face, and I noted with interest the faint touches of bristle on his cheek.

On our way back to the hotel I quizzed Raya on why so many women did menial labor—they sweep the streets, swing the picks, carry the hods, dressed in the main in shapeless smock and trousers.

"Women in Russia do not have to do this work," said Raya. "Those who do it quite like it."

This was one of the impasses I used to reach with my interpreter. She would explain to a certain stage, and then when I expressed disbelief she would shrug and change the subject.

I tried one day to draw her out on clothes. We were passing Gums, the huge State department store. In the windows were quite pretty frocks and suits, flimsy slips, and pantees.

Why, I asked Raya, did I never see anyone in the streets wearing such dresses?

She could never give me a satisfactory answer. The answer, of course, is that most people could not afford these luxurious trappings.

A slip, for instance, was marked at 200 roubles. In Russia the average wage is 800 roubles a month, with margins for skill above that (for instance, Raya got about 1100 roubles a month).

This means that that slip would cost an average working woman a week's wages. That is why the women continue to wear the cheap, ill-cut clothes, the poor-quality shoes.

True, in Khrushchev's Russia, the more luxurious things of life are coming on display. But they are available only to the rich — which in Russia means the big-shot politician, or scientist, or author, or musician.

The things I liked best about Moscow were the Bolshoi Ballet and the Czarist collection in the Kremlin Armory.

Every visitor to Moscow makes a visit to the ballet a "must." The tickets cost 38 roubles each (about 30/-), and I gather that a certain number are kept each night for visitors.

The Bolshoi Theatre is a huge affair. Inside, the effect is of entering a great red barrel. The theatre is gently curved, so that all the occupants of the seven tiers of boxes which run right round have a view of the stage.

Opposite the stage is the Royal Box, or, more accurately, Mr. Khrushchev's box, about four times as large as any other box, and set off by red velvet drapes.

The show starts at 7.30—on time. Before the huge chandeliers went out and the thousands of other lights dimmed, I looked round at the audience packing the place and tried to visualise what a gala night would have looked like in the days of the Czars, with diamonds and orders glittering, shirt fronts gleaming, and rich gowns rustling.

The audience today is strangely mixed. Ordinary Muscovites, officers in uniform, Chinese, American tourists, students galore.

The ballet was Prokofiev's "The Stone Flower." I am not a great ballet fan, but I thoroughly enjoyed myself. You couldn't help but be impressed. The orchestra was enormous, the scenery ingenious, and the costumes the most colorful I have ever seen.

Young star

Dancing the lead was a rising young ballerina, Katherine Maximova, who, many of the experts say, is headed for real greatness in the ballet world.

Between acts there was a rush for the buffets. Here you could buy champagne or beer, and caviare or smoked salmon. In my criticism of Russian food, I must mention that caviare is excluded. It is superb and plentiful, and if you decided to live on it during all the time you were in Moscow you'd eat well.

The Armory in the Kremlin covers Russian history for a thousand years—Czarist history, that is, nothing since the Revolution.

It is the sort of place in which you could spend days, perhaps even weeks. At each corner comes up some new surprise, some breath-taking exhibit.

It is the showcases devoted to Czarist relics which hold the greatest fascination.

Case after case contains the gifts which were showered on the Czars by the nations which wished to stay on good terms with Russia. One present from a Turkish sultan to Catherine

To page 26



CONCOURSE of the Moscow subway with marble columns, chandeliers, and ornate decorations. David McNicoll says the newer subways are more utilitarian, less spectacular.



MOSCOW UNIVERSITY, which has 23,000 students, stands on a hill overlooking the city. In the foreground is a statue of Mikhail Lomonosov, 18th century Russian physicist.

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The secret of Aly's charm

Everyone who met the late Prince Aly Khan used the same word to describe him: "Charming."

● ***And the secret of his charm, they said, was his immense zest for living.***

THE news of Prince Aly Khan's tragic death last week brought sadness to men and women all over the world.

They mourned the playboy-turned-diplomat Prince because his colorful and glamorous life — the sort of life that most people, at some time or another, want to live — was ended.

Aly Khan died, as he lived, with his name bannered on newspaper headlines.

With his long-time companion, former French mannequin Bettina, he was driving near Paris when his Lancia crashed head-on into another car.

Money, position

Aly died shortly afterwards in hospital; Bettina, only slightly injured, was allowed to leave after treatment.

Aly was charming and good-looking, with money and position.

The son of the late Aga Khan — spiritual leader of the 10,000,000-strong Indian Ismaili sect — he was born with a diamond-studded spoon in his mouth.

But fast cars and fast horses were his greatest loves. And women. According to one member of his staff, "The women never let him alone."

Playboy "tag"

In recent years, however, Aly was trying to live down his playboy reputation.

He said:

"I've always believed in playing hard when one is playing. I also believe in working hard when one is working. The latter is what I have been doing for years, but not many people seem to know about it."

He was talking about his job, the first he had ever undertaken. In February, 1958, Prince Aly Khan was appointed Pakistan's permanent delegate to the United Nations in New York.

The appointment caused surprise and criticism.

Aly's medium-sized figure, his balding dark hair, and warm brown eyes became familiar to the inhabitants of the tall, glass-faced U.N. building.

Prince Aly Khan will be remembered not as a diplomat but as a modern Romeo who scandalised and fascinated the world.

In 1934, at 23, he was already a success with women.

His income was estimated at £70,000 a year. He liked to buy a dozen fur coats at a time, or some Cartier jewellery, to give to the women who caught his eye.

In 1936 Aly married the ex-Mrs. Loel Guinness (nee Joan Yarde-Buller), after having been named co-respondent in her divorce suit.

They had two sons, Karim and Amyn.

The marriage was foundering when Aly met American movie star Rita Hayworth.

Pool of perfume

They embarked on world travels together — to the Riviera, to Mexico, Spain, Cuba, the Riviera again — and the gossips watched and speculated.

They were married in May, 1949, at a remarkable ceremony in Aly's Chateau de l'Horizon at Cannes, with lyrical reporters describing mountains of lobster and caviare and gallons of champagne.

The swimming-pool was filled with perfume. And the bride dyed her hair from red to brunette because Aly liked it that way.

Aly's and Rita's daughter, Yasmin, was born in December. Five months later rift rumors were hitting the headlines, and finally they divorced.

But Aly stayed in the news, his name linked romantically with one famous beauty after another — among them Irene Pappas, Joan Fontaine, Gene Tierney.

International party-giver Elsa Maxwell summed up: "No man as charming as Aly should ever marry."

The last romance in Aly's life was with French mannequin Bettina — real name, Simone Bodin.



● *Prince Aly Khan shares a mack with his son, Karim —the Aga Khan—at a Longchamp (Paris) race meet. Racing was perhaps Aly's greatest love.*

Bettina was there to comfort Aly when his father died in 1957, leaving an estate of about £725,000,000.

He bypassed Aly as heir, and named Aly's eldest son, the then 19-year-old Karim—because, he said, this modern world needs young minds.

Sloppy clothes

Sydney girl Michele Dekyvere, daughter of woolbroker Mr. Victor Dekyvere, saw Aly quite often in her work for the United Nations last year.

"He was absolutely charming," she said.

"He was very attractive, even though he did dress sloppily—though not when he was going out, of course."

Aly had begun his memoirs, but unhappily did not live to finish them.



● *With wife No. 1, the ex-Mrs. Loel Guinness. They were divorced.*



● *With wife No. 2, screen star Rita Hayworth. This marriage, too, broke up.*



● *With daughter, Yasmin, the only child of his marriage to Rita Hayworth.*



● *With French model Bettina, who was in the car with Aly when he was killed.*

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Lost ball

A complete short story

BY H. E. BATES

THE girl said very slowly, "I often wonder if you couldn't do it by holding your breath for five minutes. I suppose that would be the most painless way."

For some distance inland, in places unprotected by the sea-white shoulders of long sand-dunes, the shore had invaded the golf-course, giving wide stretches of it a sandy baldness from which hungry spears of grass sprang wirily, like greyish-yellow hairs.

In other places the winds of old winters had thrown up pebbles, some grey, some brown, some like mauve oval cakes of soap, but most of them pure chalk-white, water-smoothed to the perfection of eggs laid in casual clutches by long-vanished birds.

It was somewhere among the pebbles that Phillips had lost his golf ball. He was always losing one there. They were so darned difficult to see. It was enough to drive you mad.

"They're so beastly expensive, too," he said. That was why he had come back to search for the second time through the summer evening, after almost everyone else was either cheerfully gathered in the clubhouse or had long since gone home. "I mean it makes the whole thing—"

"When did you lose it?"

"This morning. About half-past eleven. Of course I couldn't stop then. Still playing. I suppose you weren't here about that time, were you?"

"I've been here all day."

"I mean I suppose you didn't see or hear anything about that time? I wondered if you might perhaps have heard—"

"Not a sound."

Every Sunday morning he played eighteen holes with the same

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He thought she was the oddest girl, talking about death in that casual, funny way

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three fellows: Robinson, Chalmers, and Forbes.

He supposed they had played like that for ten, perhaps twelve years, at any rate ever since the war, except when they played in competitions, when of course they were paired with other people and it wasn't quite the same.

"You couldn't have hit it into the sea, could you?" she said.

He looked at her sharply. She was still lying exactly where he had first stumbled across her and in the same position: curved and reclined, pale bare arms clasped at the back of her brown hair, her entire body crumpled into the white sandy lap of the dune.

On her face, in which the eyes were remarkably dark and inert, as if she were half-asleep as she contemplated the sky, he thought the expression of deep indifference amounted almost to contempt. Young people often looked like that and he supposed she was only nineteen or twenty.

He felt faintly annoyed, too. Lately a lot of people had been using the golf course for any old thing: parking cars, picnics, courting in the sand dunes, exercising dogs and that sort of caper. The committee had tried hard to stop it several times, but it was darned difficult with the shore and the course so often merging into one.

Moreover, it was a good fifty or sixty yards from the middle of the fairway to the dunes and then another forty or fifty to the sea.

"Into the sea?" he said. "Half a minute, I'm not that bad."

"I should have thought it would have been quite a feat to have hit it into the sea."

Quite obviously she hadn't a clue about the game; which when you came to think of it was rather remarkable in these days when so many women hit the ball as hard as a man.

"Well, I'm going to have another look," he said. "I'm going to find the thing if it kills me."

STILL contemplating the sky, still in that same half-sleepy, crumpled position, she said,

"If it hasn't killed you in five minutes I'll help you look for it."

He walked away without answering. Among the hollows of the dunes the evening was still warm. Thick white sand sucked his shoes down and from the sea came one of those liquid summer breezes that you thought were so pleasant until they tired you.

As he walked, scattered clutches of pebbles, like white eggs, continually bobbed up to deceive him, so much so that once or twice he was on the point of running to pick up his ball.

He always hated the idea of losing a ball. Quite apart from the expense it was a point of honor. Once before he had come back three evenings running to find a ball that other fellows would have given up as a bad job. He had had the luck to find three of someone else's, too; which simply went to show that it didn't pay to give up.

After another twenty minutes of slogging about the dunes he suddenly felt quite tired. He was beginning to put on weight; not so much weight as either Chalmers or Forbes, both of whom were very fat, but more than Robinson, who was fifty-five, three years older than he was.

When he got back to the dune where the girl was he found her half sitting up, her knees bent. On one knee she was smoothing with slow strokes of her hand a square of silver paper. The brilliance of the smooth tin-foil in the evening sun made him realise for the first time the exact color of her dress. He had simply thought it to be brown. Now he saw that it was really a blend of two colors: of dark rose-brown and purple shot together.

Under the dress the shape of her knees was graceful. The tips of her toes were buried in the sand. The way she smoothed the silver paper was merely mechanical. She was not really looking at it at all.

"Found it?"

"No," he said. "I'll probably have to come back tomorrow. It's enough to drive you to drink, or suicide, or both. I don't know."

"As bad as that?"

"Irritating. Maddening."

She was still smoothing the silver paper and yet not looking at it. A breeze caught the paper and crackled it upward, like the flutter of a wing, and she pinned it down on her knee again with one finger, quite casually, as if bored.

"Mind if I ask you something?" she said.

"No. What?"

"How would you go about it?"

For a moment he was mystified and then realised, with abrupt surprise, what she was talking about.

"Oh! Here, wait a minute," he said, "it hasn't got quite as far as that."

"Oh! Hasn't it? I thought you said it had."

"Well, hardly. I mean it's one of those things everybody says—"

"But supposing it did?"

He felt a chill of distaste run over him. Abruptly he looked at the western horizon and thought that there might be still another hour in which to search for the ball before twilight came down.

It was then that she said:

"I often wonder if you couldn't do it by holding your breath for five minutes. I suppose that would be the most painless way."

Got to find that ball somehow, he thought. He had been on the point of sitting down for five minutes' rest, but now he found himself prickling with impatience instead.

"I suppose you wouldn't help me look?" he said. "There isn't a lot more daylight—"

"If you like. I don't mind," she said.

As she got to her feet he saw that her dark brown hair, very ruffled, was starred everywhere with dry white sand. She didn't bother to shake it out. Nor did she even notice it.

Suddenly, as she climbed up to the grassy crest of the dune, he was captured by the grace of her bare legs, the skin a fine, pure cream under the brown-purple skirt. With astonishment he found himself actually looking at her for the first time. She was rather tall, shapely, and no longer crumpled.

She was what the fellows at the club would call nifty; she was what Freddy Robinson, in his heavy, waggish way, would refer to as a "bit of all right."

Suddenly from the top of the dune she turned, looking towards the sea. For some moments her eyes looked quite hollow and there was no answer for him when he said:

"You'll have to watch out for the pebbles. Especially the white ones. They're the ones that trick you."

He was never more than ten or a dozen yards from her as they walked about the dunes. The sun, falling as a coppery-orange disc into a rippled milk-blue sea, gradually stained sand and grass and pebbles with a flush of fire. The marine-blue thorns of sea-thistle were touched with sepia rose. Her dress turned a sombre purple against her bare cream legs and arms.

"Have to give it up," he called at last. "Afraid it's no go. Just have to come back tomorrow, that's all."

Once again there was no answer. She was simply walking with unbroken dreamy indifference across shadowy, smouldering sand.

"Can I give you a lift or something?" he said. "My car's at the clubhouse. No distance at all."

Again there was no answer; but suddenly he saw her stoop, straighten slowly up again, and then hold up her hand.

"Is this it?"

He actually started running. When he reached her she was holding the ball, exactly like a precious egg, in the palm of her hand.

"Heavens, it is," he said. "What a bit of luck."

He felt extraordinarily excited. He had a ridiculous impulse to shake her by the hand.

"Heavens, what a bit of luck," he kept saying. "Nearly dark. What a bit of luck."

In the excitement of grasping the ball he was unaware that she had already started to walk away.

"Are you off?" he said. "Where are you going? Which way?"

She walked along the beach without pausing or looking back.

"Just back to where I was sitting. I dropped my piece of silver paper."

He found himself almost running after her.

"Saved me a shilling, too," he said. "I can tell you that."

"Oh?" she said. "Is that all they cost?"

He laughed. "Oh! Good gracious, no. Didn't mean that. I meant we have a sort of kitty—the four of us, I mean, the chaps I play with. Every time we lose a ball we put a bob in."

"Why?"

"Sort of fine. Amazing how it adds up."

"What do you do with it when it adds up?"

"Buy more." He laughed again. "That's where the fun starts."

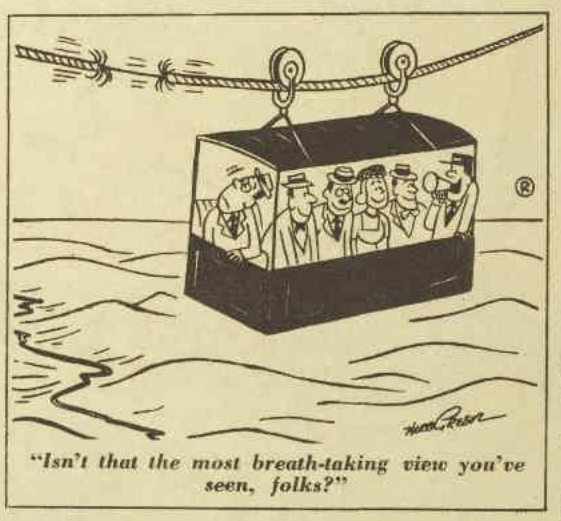
"Fun?"

She was walking more slowly now. The folds of her purplish skirt were touched with copper. The sea burned with small metallic waves.

"You see we have a draw. Sort of lottery. Lucky number. Chap who gets the lucky number gets the lot."

"I don't get it."

"Suppose it's the old thrill—



"Isn't that the most breath-taking view you've seen, folks?"

the kick you get out of any gamble. Something for nothing."

She started to look about her, as if not quite certain about the exact place where she had left her silver paper on the beach.

"You see what I mean, don't you?" he said. "You might never lose a ball for a couple of months and then wham! you hit the jackpot. That's when it's fun—when you see the faces of the other chaps."

"I see."

"Of course it might be you next time." He laughed again. "But so far I've been darned lucky. Struck it three times out of five. Fred Chalmers is the one—never had it once. Worth anything to see his face—livid, I tell you. Livid isn't the word."

He laughed yet again and suddenly she let out a quick, startled cry.

"Oh! My silver paper's gone."

HE didn't bother to answer. A vivid picture of Fred Chalmers' furious face lit up the air between sea and beach with a heartening glow.

"The wind must have taken it," she said. "I'd had it all day."

In the failing light she stood staring thoughtfully down at the hollow her body had made in the sand.

"It isn't so important, is it?" he said. The ball felt hard and secure as he pressed it in his hand and put it in his pocket. "I'm afraid I must be going. What about you? Coming along?"

"No. I think I'll stay a little longer."

"Getting dark."

"It always does some time."

She took a few light, half-running steps down the beach as if she had seen the silver paper. A fragment of dying light bounced from a breaking wave. A few spreading phosphorescent tongues of foam lapped the sand.

"Sure you won't change your mind and come and have a drink?"

"No, thanks. I'll stay a bit longer. I want to find my piece of silver paper."

"Really? Why?"

She was walking away now, face towards the sunset but slightly downcast.

"I just do. I'll just cover the waterfront a few more times. You know that song? 'I Cover the Waterfront'?"

He thought he heard her sigh; she might suddenly have been holding her breath.

"Can't say I do."

"Nice song." She began to sing the banal words, something about waiting for her love.

She was already too far away for him to hear the rest of the song. Her figure was black against the last thin running bars of copper above the sea.

"Afraid you won't stand much chance of seeing anything now, will you?" he called.

He got no answer. He looked briefly at her figure, the darkening sand, and the lapping phosphorescent tongues of foam, and then started to walk up the slope of the beach towards the dunes.

The evening wind was fresher there. The grey-yellow hairs of dune-grass were pressed close against smoothed ridges of sand. A leaf or two of sea-thistle rattled sharply.

Caught among hairs of grass, the square of silver paper rattled, too.

"Wrong way," he started saying aloud. "Looking the wrong way!"

He was halfway down to the beach, waving the silver paper, before he suddenly realised what he was doing.

"Here, I've got it," he was already saying. "I've found it—"

A second later he stopped speaking and pulled up sharp, glancing round at the same time as if someone might possibly be listening.

Then he suddenly realised what an awful fool he was making of himself—absolute fool. He looked hastily along the shore in the gathering darkness to make quite sure that even the girl had not heard him running back with that ridiculous piece of paper. Why the dickens could it be all that important to her? What on earth could anyone possibly want with that?

It was time he stopped fooling around and got back to the clubhouse and talked to the chaps and bought himself a whisky, he thought—perhaps two.

He stared up the slopes towards the dunes again, screwing up the silver paper into a little ball as he went. At the ridge he turned, for a second time and looked back.

The shore was quite empty. He threw down the silver ball among the pebbles that were so like clutches of eggs laid by long-vanished birds and didn't even bother to watch where it fell.

Looking finally towards the last copper straws of sunset cloud, he started suddenly to congratulate himself. "Just as well not to chase your luck too far," he thought. "Might get caught up with something funny. Anyway, you got your ball back, old boy. Be satisfied."

He listened again for a sound of her voice or her footsteps coming back. But all he could hear was the sound of wind and tide rising and halting and falling in little bursts along the darkening shore.

It was exactly as if the sea sometimes held its breath and then broke into a fragile, broken song.

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Continuing . . . LOST BALL

from page 17

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Shadow of Guilt

Final instalment of our sophisticated mystery serial

By Patrick Quentin



THE security of two wealthy New York families is shattered when CONNIE HADLEY introduces handsome young DON SAXBY to her husband, GEORGE, and brother-in-law MAL RYSON and wife, VIVIEN, at the opera. Don, a philanderer and blackmailer, takes ALA, George's niece and fiancee of CHUCK RYSON, Mal's son, away for the weekend. When she returns on the Sunday morning she says she intends to marry Don, and refuses to talk to Chuck. In the afternoon Ala telephones George at the apartment of EVE LORD, his secretary, with whom he is in love. She says she is at Saxby's apartment and that he has been shot. When George hurries over he sees a gun by the body. They leave the apartment untouched, knowing the police will soon be called.

LIEUTENANT TRANT, of Homicide, frightens Vivien into admitting Chuck took his father's gun. Chuck is arrested and says he intended to shoot Saxby, but Saxby took the gun from him. He says he spent the rest of the afternoon in a bar. George remembers that when he went to Saxby's apartment at 4.30 to get Ala he noticed Saxby's shirt sleeve was damp with martini spilled from a shaker as he was shot. He makes a test to prove how long it would take for a sleeve to dry, and when he finds it would be about an hour it seems that Chuck could not have shot Saxby between 3.30 and 4.30 p.m., for the barman says he was in the bar at 2.30 p.m. George realises this proof of Chuck's innocence will involve Ala in the murder and reveal his liaison with Eve.

When George returns home he knows more than ever how it will upset Connie to learn of his association with Eve, because that night she begs him for reassurance that he loves her. NOW READ ON:

IT was after eight when I awoke. As I glanced at my watch, remembering Ala, remembering Trant, I cursed myself for oversleeping. Connie was still asleep, but she wouldn't be for long. Mary and the cook would already have arrived. At any minute the Corliss morning ritual would be under way. I slipped out of bed, put on a robe, crept out of the room and hurried down the corridor.

Without knocking, I opened the door of Ala's room. She was asleep. The greyish November daylight, filtering in through the closed curtains, revealed her lying on her back, the dilapidated old elephant sprawled at her feet. Her fair hair was mussed over the pillows, her young face was warm and pink, undamageable by the relentless scrutiny of morning.

We have from the cradle been told that appearances are deceptive, but we never really believe it. As I looked at her, unconsciously typifying all youth and guilelessness, my love for her welled up in me, making it impossible for me to connect her with guilt.

"Ala," I said softly.

She opened her eyes. For a second they looked at me, blue as sky, unaffected by any jar of returning consciousness, merely fresh, untroubled young eyes opening to welcome another young, untroubling day.

She sat up, smiling spontaneously. "Gosh, is it late or something?" Then she was awake enough to remember enough, and her face grew solemn. "Nothing's happened, has it?"

Once again she had managed to confuse me. Nothing's happened!

I sat down on the edge of the bed. "Trant's coming today."

"I know. Connie told us last night. It's awful, isn't it?"

"That's one word for it," I said.

"I mean, to think that Chuck, because of feeling that way about me . . .! I never thought Chuck was capable of feelings like that, feelings that weren't just . . ." She gave up as if the thought were too complicated for her. She was watching me from big, mournful eyes.

"He did do it, didn't he? Connie doesn't believe it, of course. She'd drop dead before she'd ever let herself believe it. But . . . Oh, George, I feel so terrible. I never dreamed, honestly . . ."

I said, "He didn't do it, Ala."

"He didn't?" Her face was suddenly radiant. "You mean they've found out? They know who did do it?"

"No," I said. "It's far more complicated than that."

And I told her. To begin with, the eager, happy look was still there, then gradually, as she started to realise what was involved, her face seemed to grow smaller, thinner, pinched around the nose.

When I'd explained it all, she said, "You're—you're sure the thing with the spilled drink proves it?"

"Quite sure," I said. "That's why I've told you. Don't you see? If we tell them we were there, we can have Chuck out of gaol today."

"But if we told—what would they think about me?"

"Exactly," I said.

"They'd think I did it."

"Probably."

"Of course they would. The gun was there. I'd—I'd found out about Don. I . . ." She clutched my arm. "George, you're not going to tell. Please, please, you aren't going to tell."

It was panic, and I could understand it, of course I could. And yet as I looked at her desperate eyes, her quivering, almost hysterical mouth, I felt a bleak sensation of depression. If she's innocent, I had said to Eve, if she has enough courage . . .

"George, you can't tell. You can't."

"And you?" I said. "You don't think you could tell?"

"Me!"

"Chuck's innocent; he's in a cell; they're going to bring him to trial. And you can save him."

"But . . but . . . you said it yourself. He's innocent. They don't convict people when they're innocent. It . . . Oh, I know it's terrible for him, but . . . but they don't, do they?"

As George got out of Vivien's car, Lieutenant Trant was suddenly on the footpath, smiling and saying, "Could you spare me a moment, Mr. Hadley?"

"If they don't convict innocent people, then there's nothing for you to worry about either, is there?"

I knew that was cruel, that it was imposing on her a moral obligation which, if I'd been in her shoes, would probably have been too heavy for me. But if I didn't test her, I'd never know.

"You are innocent, aren't you?" I said.

"George!" The word came from her in a gasp. "You? You can think that I . . .?"

"I'm only asking."

"Asking!" she echoed, and her voice was harsh. "A lot of trust I get around this house, don't I? If it's come to the point where I have to convince my own so-called father I'm not a murderess—all right. No, George Hadley, for your information, I did not kill Don Saxby."

"All right. That's all I wanted to know."

Instantly she was smiling. "You believe me?"

"Of course I believe you."

"Oh, George, George dear, then you're not going to tell?"

There it was once more, that bewildering faculty of hers to assume, just because she wanted to, that everything was perfectly all right again.

"I didn't say I wouldn't tell," I said. "If a time came when I had to for Chuck's sake—then I'd tell."

"No," she said. "No, you can't."

She was gazing at me, the panic in her eyes again. Then, in a very quiet voice, she said: "You see, there's something you don't know. Something they'd find out about. Once they arrested me, once they thought I did it, they'd look into

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She had to escape from this fool's paradise . . . a story

BY AUDRIE MANLEY-TUCKER



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Never love me

EDNA'S letter came after I had left for the office; Mrs. Croad left it propped against the clock, and I read it piecemeal while I was getting ready to go out with Charles that evening.

Charles and I had a regular Tuesday supper date at the old coaching inn. It's small, but there's an illusion of privacy about the oak settles for two, with their high, screening sides. Maybe that's why we liked it so much.

"My niece is coming to spend a month with me," I told him, over the coffee.

He laughed delightedly, his brown head tilted on one side, his blue eyes dancing; and when he looked at me like that every good resolution I had ever made about our relationship dissolved into longing and pain and delight.

"Niece? You, darling?"

"Vicky's nineteen," I said. "I was only ten when she was born. She never calls me anything except Tina."

He put his hands over mine.

"You can easily palm her off as your sister and get away with it," he said charmingly.

I shook my head and smiled, glimpsing myself in the cupid-ringed mirror behind his head. Thick dark hair, plenty of lipstick on a too-wide mouth, and a flair for clothes that was useful in my job.

Nothing that added up to beauty—the young, untouched kind of beauty that Vicky had—but Charles said he had fallen in love with me the day he walked into Mr. Penkenberg's office and saw me there.

That was a year ago, and I still remembered every detail now, as we walked slowly into the old rose garden at the back of the coaching inn.

"I'm the old man's nephew," he had said. "Back home from Rhodesia. Two years ago when I went away there was a woman at your desk, with grey hair and horn-rimmed spectacles."

"She retired," I had said primly. "And Mr. Penkenberg—your uncle—wanted someone younger."

His grin had been impudent and lovable.

"Nice choice," he said softly. "Very nice.

"Penny for them, Tina," he said now, leaning towards me, looking into my eyes. My heart turned over.

"I was remembering the first time we met," I said, and then I added impulsively, "Oh, Charles, you mean everything to me."

He kissed me wordlessly and turned my hands over and looked at them—ringless and smooth.

"Why is Vicky coming to stay with you, anyway?" he asked abruptly.

"She has a month's holiday between jobs. My sister is going away, and she thought we'd both like company."

It wasn't all of the truth; I couldn't tell him about that second paragraph in Edna's letter.

". . . I'm joining Frank in Edinburgh. His firm is sending him there for a month, but there won't be much to do, and it'll be a holiday we've promised ourselves for years. I don't want to leave Vicky here alone; not the way things are, Tina. If only she wasn't sure that it's all so different for her and John, that it's never happened to anyone else before—and that it's sad and beautiful, not cheap and ugly . . ."

I winced away from words that struck too near home.

"Let's go, Charles," I said.

"What's wrong, darling?" he asked; he was so alive to my every change of mood, and it was one of the things I loved best about him.

"Nothing. I'm tired."

"Don't tell me Uncle Henry's overworking you."

"He wouldn't overwork anyone," I said with a half-smile, gathering up my bag and gloves, thinking that no one ever looked or behaved less like a successful businessman than Charles' uncle.

He was small and round, his glasses were always precariously anchored to his nose, and he had a stubby little silver fringe above his ears.

He was kind and soft-voiced and the whole staff adored him—but his mild blue eyes were shrewder than anyone else's.

He knew about Charles and me—but I had never known what he thought of the situation.

Outside the block of flats where I lived, Charles put his arms about me and drew me close for a moment.

"Oh, darling!" he said helplessly. "I'll be away all next weekend. Tremerrion—it's just a little place, in Cornwall, and I won't be working all the time. You have a holiday due. I wish—"

I put my fingers against his lips.

"Vicky's coming," I reminded him.

"Bother Vicky!" he said roughly. "And if she wasn't—? No one would ever know. Not even Uncle Henry."

"I think he would, Charles."

"I wouldn't care!" he said fiercely. "But you would, wouldn't you, Tina?"

I evaded the question.

"Let's not end the evening with a quarrel, the way we so often do lately, Charles."

He buried his head in my shoulder.

"I haven't any right to ask you, anyway. I'm sorry, Tina. It's two years since Lisa and I parted. If she would agree to a divorce—"

"There are the children," I reminded him tiredly.

"I see them once a week. What kind of life is that? Lisa is hoping I'll come back, but it was all over long before I met you—I won't wait forever, Tina."

I shook my head, and pulled gently away from him; all our evenings ending the same way, I thought — without any answer. Loving him so much that there were times when I didn't care—times, like this, when I almost said "yes" to him, and pushed all the questions to the back of my mind, told myself I had every right to happiness.

In the morning Charles was already at work in the room next to his uncle's when I arrived at the office; he greeted me with that rather grave, sweet smile of his that had always seemed to make a special bond between us.

I went into Mr. Penkenberg's office to ask if I could have half an hour off to go and meet Vicky's train that afternoon.

Mr. Penkenberg took off his glasses and polished them with the unhurried air of a man who has all the time in the world. He's like an old professor, I thought—and I marvelled again at the size and power of the business he had built up.

"Of course you can go early, Tina," he said. "Take the afternoon off—it's more than due to you, and we aren't too busy. How long is Vicky staying?"

"A month; her parents are going to Edinburgh and she's just left her job."

"If she decides to stay with you we could do with a new junior typist," Mr. Penkenberg said.

"Oh, she wouldn't do that!" I said hastily. "I don't think she's so keen to come and stay with me at all, really, but my sister thought it would be best for her."

I had the ridiculous feeling that his eyes saw through and beyond me, read Edna's letter, understood why she was sending Vicky.

It was absurd and I was angry with myself; and maybe I had been wrong about Vicky not wanting to come, because there was nothing reluctant about her greeting.

"Tina!" She smiled gaily at me, willow-slim in her new red coat, her brown eyes candid, the spiky fair hair pushed back from her vivid little face.

It was only later that I saw the faint smudges under her eyes, the way her mouth could look tight sometimes; she mentioned John to me, quite casually, over supper that evening.

"I know why Mummy insisted on my coming—because she thinks if I'm away from John for a month I'll forget him. She's quite wrong, you know; if I believed that, I'd never have come."

"He's married, isn't he?" I said, seeing the thrust of her chin, hearing the youthful arrogance in her voice.

"Oh, yes! He's twenty-six, and he was married when he was twenty-one to the girl his parents had always expected him to marry. It was a mistake, he said; they were both too young to know what they wanted. There was a baby, and it died; Anne went home to her mother and she'll never go back to John."

I stared down at my plate, feeling cold suddenly and terribly desolate. It was a mistake, Tina; Lisa and I weren't right for each other, we didn't know what we wanted.

Ah, but it's different, I told myself fiercely! Utterly different! Charles is thirty-five and I am twenty-nine; we're mature people, caught up in a situation too complex for us.

"There isn't much future in it for you, is there?" I said calmly. "Especially if Anne won't divorce him. It might seem romantic now, but you'll get tired of only half a life."

She looked at me, unsmiling.

"It won't be half a life. If Anne won't divorce him, then we'll go away somewhere together, make a new life, where people don't know us. I know what you'll say—there may be children." The hard look softened for a moment. "When they're old enough to be told the truth, they'll understand."

"It's something they'll never be old enough to understand," I retorted wearily; and she didn't say any more.

When I got home next evening there were fresh flowers in the flat, and Vicky had laid an appetising-looking meal. She was stretched full-length on the divan, her hands behind her head.

"John telephoned," she said softly. "He's missing me, Tina. He wants me to go back home. Why shouldn't I?"

"Because I told your mother you'd stay here for a month," I said sharply.

"No one can make me stay!" she cried childishly.

"No. How many people are you going to hurt, while you prove that you can run your own life successfully?" I snapped back.

She looked startled for a moment, and then said:

"I had a letter from Geoff Barnes today. Remember him?"

"The boy next door? The one you went everywhere with, a year ago?" I said, and she nodded.

"I like him," I told her.

"Oh, everyone does! Mummy had a trousseau all planned for me, and he wanted to get engaged on my next birthday. I'm not in love with him, and I'm not going to make the mistake Anne and John made."

I remembered Anne and John—they had been on the fringe of Vicky's circle of friends.

I thought of John—weak, too boyish, charming; and Anne, quiet, with a sturdy commonsense that he needed.

What is Lisa like? I wondered suddenly. I'd never wanted to know, until now; it had never seemed important to me.

"How long is it since John and Anne parted?" I asked Vicky curiously.

"Two months."

"Was it because of you?"

"I suppose so," she admitted, with reluctant honesty. "But I haven't done anything wrong, Tina."

"Not yet," I said with a touch of bitterness that was for myself, although she couldn't know that. She colored and sat up abruptly.

"I thought you'd understand!" she retorted.

Charles rang me, later that evening.

"Tina, darling, I'm home earlier than I expected. I'll call for you in half an hour, and we'll go out somewhere—to the new roadhouse near Timberly, if you like. I've been promising to take you there for ages."

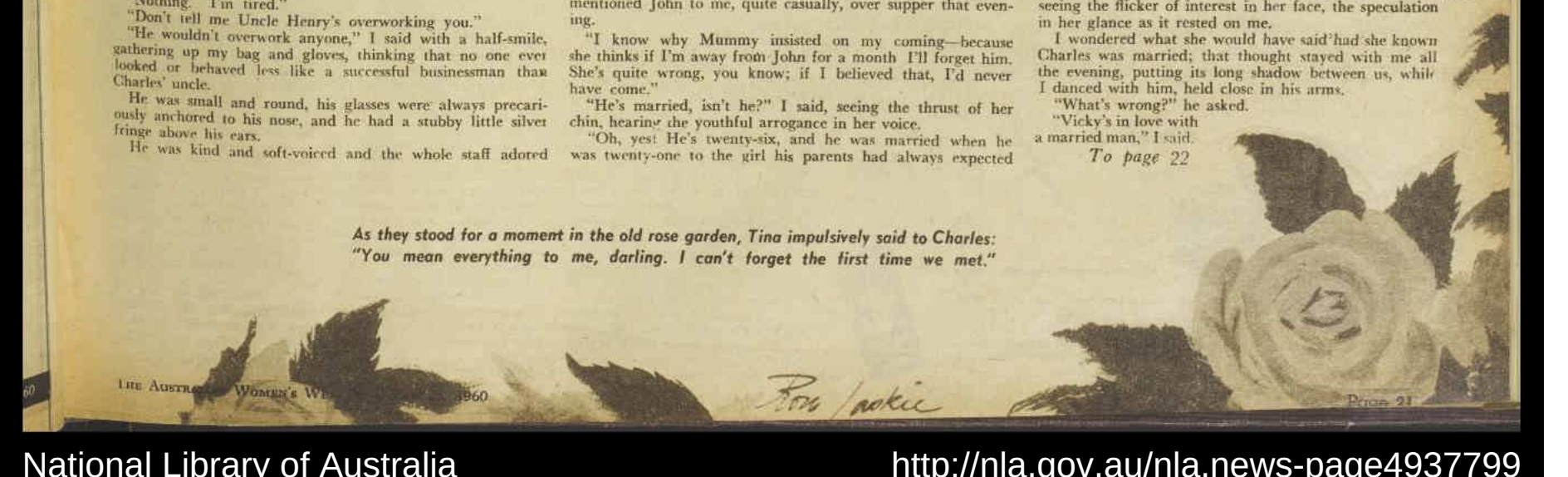
When Charles called for me I introduced him to Vicky, seeing the flicker of interest in her face, the speculation in her glance as it rested on me.

I wondered what she would have said had she known Charles was married; that thought stayed with me all the evening, putting its long shadow between us, while I danced with him, held close in his arms.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

"Vicky's in love with a married man," I said.

To page 22



As they stood for a moment in the old rose garden, Tina impulsively said to Charles: "You mean everything to me, darling. I can't forget the first time we met."

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Continuing . . .

NEVER LEAVE ME

from page 21

I wondered what she would have said, had she known Charles was married; that thought stayed with me all the evening, putting its long shadow between us, while I danced with him, held close in his arms.

"What's wrong?" he asked softly.

"Infatuated, probably." His arm tightened around me. "It isn't anything to do with us, Tina; don't make comparisons. This is different; anyway, you're not responsible for Vicky."

In a way, I am, I thought; you can't offer one set of rules to a nineteen-year-old and make another set for yourself.

"I love you so much!" I whispered hopelessly.

"Well, then! I love you, too, and nothing else matters. We have a right to happiness, Tina. Change your mind about Tremerrion?"

I shook my head, looking at him, seeing—perhaps for the first time—the hint of weakness about his mouth. Irresponsible, I thought, the little boy who won't grow up? Oh, no, not Charles.

That brief moment of detachment from him frightened me. What if Lisa divorced him, after all, and we were able to get married—would I ever be sure of him? There had been one other woman in his life, there could be yet another, one day.

He looked down at me, flushed, his mouth angry, as he said: "I wish Vicky had never come to stay with you!"

"Because she makes me think?"

"Oh good heavens, Tina!" His voice was rough. "Maybe we'd better not see each other again, if you feel like that!"

I knew what he wanted me to say, and the words wouldn't come; he looked so incredulous for a moment that I almost smiled in spite of my misery.

Driving home, we were silent; Charles made no move to touch me, nor did he say a word as I stepped from the car. I heard the roar of the exhaust, watched the red tail-light wink away into the darkness, and felt utterly desolate.

All next day I was aware of the coolness between us, hating myself because I wanted Charles back so very much. I was last to leave the office that evening, with the exception of Charles; he came up behind me and put his arms around me.

"We can never say good-bye, darling!" he whispered. "You know I love you!"

"How long is it since you discussed a divorce with Lisa?" I asked.

"She won't discuss it—I've told you that." He moved impatiently. "Wedding rings, marriage certificates—what do those things matter when two people love one another?"

I smiled faintly.

"Vicky asked me that last night, and I hadn't an answer to give her!"

"Vicky!" he cried furiously. He pulled me round and kissed me, a hard, demanding kiss that left me limp and cold—and spent of emotion.

"You're coming to Tremerrion with me!" he insisted.

"I'm not, Charles. Now—or ever."

It was as though both Vicky and Charles between them held a mirror up to me—and I didn't like what I saw there.

I thought of that, as I let myself into the flat several evenings later. Charles had avoided me when he could, being coldly polite to me when he couldn't, and he had returned from Tremerrion a day early; I sensed that he was waiting for some move, some sign from me.

I couldn't give it—and my heart wanted to so desperately because it would never be free of longing for him.

When I got in, Vicky was slumped in an armchair; her eyes were red and puffed with weeping, and there was a letter in her lap. She turned her head and I saw the hopeless misery in her face.

"I heard from John," she said stiffly. "I wondered why he hadn't written. Anne's going to have another baby. He's going back to her. They're going to try again, he says. He'll never forget me, it was wonderful while it lasted—oh, it all sounds so trite, doesn't it?"

She began to laugh hysterically; I held her in my arms, letting her cry, thankful that her problem had solved itself—and knowing that I had to solve my own.

When she stopped crying, I said calmly, "Charles is married, too, Vicky. That's why I hadn't any excuses for you, any reassurance; maybe you'll understand now."

She looked at me with suddenly adult compassion.

"And it's not over for you, Tina?"

"Not yet. If I wasn't so sure that he and Lisa will never want one another again, I'd be able to say good-bye to him."

It was Mr. Penkenberg who opened the door for me; for a bachelor, unversed in the ways of the heart, he was even shrewder than I suspected.

Melancholy often conveys herself to us on an easterly wind.
— *Joseph Addison*

He began by telling me, a couple of days later, that he'd just had lunch with Lisa. He saw my look of surprise, and added: "She's back in town for a few days."

"What is she like?" I asked curiously.

"Nice girl. Sensible, feet on the ground; the kind Charles needs, if he's ever to grow up. She wants him back, and not just for the sake of the children. She loves him and feels they might have a chance, if they could start again, somewhere else. Well—there's a vacancy in the Belfast office. Charles could fill it."

I knew he was watching me, waiting for my answer; I walked across to the window, looking down at the street. There was a flower-seller on the corner, with arm-loads of roses, and the street was full of soft summer sunshine.

When I spoke I felt as though every word was wrenched in agony from me.

"It would be a good idea," I said flatly, "if Charles went to Belfast. Do you think he'll agree?"

"Maybe you could talk to him, Tina?"

I smiled faintly.

"I'll try. By the way, Mr. Penkenberg, if that offer is still open—Vicky would like a job as a junior typist. She plans to stay a while."

I met Charles in the corridor.

"There's a vacancy in the Belfast office that you could fill. Lisa wants you to—she told your Uncle Henry so; you could all be together again, pick up the pieces, make something of your marriage, perhaps. It's worth trying, Charles."

I saw anger, incredulity, cold contempt in his face; a moment's utter weariness, and something that was the beginning of maturity in his voice, as he answered remotely:

"You can't settle other people's lives so neatly. But why not Belfast? Any place where you won't be, Tina; because anyone can forget—given time and opportunity."

I breathed a sigh of relief for Charles; for me, there would be the bleak, empty days, learning to forget, the memories that had to be thrust away, the loneliness that I dared not think about now.

At lunchtime next day, Mr. Penkenberg said:

"It's the annual staff party tomorrow evening. Tina—forgotten? Bring Vicky along—good chance to introduce her all round. If you can rustle up a boy friend for her, so much the better."

He looked at me very hard. "Charles said this morning that Lisa had phoned him—I told her she should; he has decided to take the Belfast job; it will be permanent." For a moment, his hand lay on my arm. "Thanks, Tina."

I went to my own office, blinking down the stupid tears; there was a great ache of misery in my heart and a sense of desolation; somehow I found Geoff Barnes' number, and got through to him.

". . . I think Vicky would like to see you. Come straight to the office, and surprise her . . ."

I gave him directions; my voice didn't sound like my own at all. I put the receiver back on its rest. Maybe it wouldn't always hurt so much as it did now, I thought forlornly.

I still feel so lost without Charles; I shall feel like that for a long time. But as I stand beside Mr. Penkenberg, wondering how Vicky will react to seeing Geoff again, I know that there was nothing else for me to do but say good-bye to Charles.

"You know," Mr. Penkenberg said quietly, a moment ago, "there's a very corny old saying that I've always found absolutely true—that one door never closes but another opens. Remember it, Tina?"

He gave me his wise, understanding smile; I saw appreciation in his eyes, too, and admiration for the bright, brave dress I was wearing—and I knew, with sudden certainty, that another door would open for me.

I don't know yet what lies beyond it; but I have the strangest feeling that it leads to the kind of happiness that lasts a lifetimes—and I feel, if not happy, at peace with myself.

Vicky's particular door has opened for her; Geoff has just come into the room and walked straight up to her. He cupped her face in his hands, and kissed her gently; she hesitated for a moment, then put her arms around his neck and kissed him lightly.

They didn't care who saw them — but no one said anything, or smiled. Mr. Penkenberg took off his glasses and began polishing them as though it was the most important job in the world.

I turned and looked at my face in the mirror. I felt almost as young as Vicky, suddenly, and carefree. The new dress had put color in my cheeks, a sparkle in my eyes.

"Tina, you look so pretty," Vicky said wonderingly, as she brought Geoff over to me.

I smiled and said: "Next time that door opens it may be for me!"

She looked puzzled, not understanding; but Mr. Penkenberg knew exactly what I meant.

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THE TERRITORY TURNS IT ON



ALICE SPRINGS, population about 5000, has wide streets, lawns, gardens, citrus groves — all around it the stark, red MacDonnell Range.

By JO WILLIAMS, staff reporter

● "This place," said David Guy, white teeth gleaming in a wide, black smile, "is getting more flasher every day." The place was Alice Springs, boom town of "The Centre."

DAVID GUY was one of its hundreds of visitors for the Northern Territory Centenary of Exploration Celebrations.

It was 100 years ago on April 22 that John McDouall Stuart, William Kekwick, and Benjamin Head raised the Union Jack on Central Mount Stuart, 135 miles north of Alice Springs.

And the Territory has really turned it on for Centenary year.

Planned with the skill of an army manoeuvre, under Mr. Bill Nordsvan, of the Administration in Darwin, the celebrations will last five months.

David Guy, ten stone of muscle and rhythm, came farther than most for the celebrations.

He and 37 other natives arrived by truck from Darwin to dance a corroboree on the Alice Springs Oval—and to enjoy themselves.

They'd been there a year before for the first Bangtail Muster.

But The Alice changes her face rapidly.

To David, brought up on Snake Bay settlement at Melville Island, The Alice's arcade of eight modern shops, the impressive Memorial Club, the brand-new Riverside hotel beside the sandy wastes of the Todd River, the smart new homes may seem a little flash.

To city visitors, busy, tourist-minded Alice Springs has a tang of the Gold Coast —without the beaches.

As well, there is a feeling of real prosperity and that this is still only a beginning.

Tourists are four times as many as they were five years ago. An estimated 10,000 are expected this year.

More than half-a-million pounds has been spent in five years on hotels, a motel, guest houses.

New homes

There's even a Continental restaurant that serves steak bolognaise, spaghetti marinara, cassata. The days of bully beef and damper are gone.

Development isn't restricted to tourism.

Homes spring up almost overnight.

Natives living in ramshackle tin huts—wurlies—on the fringes of the town are soon to move into aluminium prefabricated houses at Amoonguna, seven miles away.

There's a £19,000 Youth Centre, two splendidly equipped kindergartens — one run by a part-colored woman, Miss Nancy Brumbie — a High School, a Convent, three hostels for bush children.

There are Guides and Cubs, a Pony Club, a Golf Club, a Rifle Club, a Bowling Club, a Drama group . . .

Isolation, along with camels and the old-time droving plant, is becoming a thing of the past.

Airlines of New South Wales — with the first direct service to and from Sydney—flies in three times a week (only six hours' flying time). T.A.A. flies in five times a week from Adelaide.

Connellan Airways — "the world's biggest little airline" because it services such a vast area—runs weekly services to 99 stations, mines, and settlements, and to Wyndham, Tennant Creek, Halls Creek, Katherine, and Mt. Isa.

Road cattle transport—run by young men like Jim Matthew, who saw it as one way to beat the drought—has put most of the drovers out of business in The Centre.

"We are in the middle of a wealthy district that is getting more wealthy every day," said Mr. Sam Hordern, President of the Royal Agricultural Society of N.S.W., opening the first Show at Alice Springs.

The Show, like David Guy's corroboree, was part of the Centenary celebrations.

While Mr. Hordern was speaking in front of a Grand Parade of 36 horses and ponies and nine cattle, rain began to fall.

"We hope it rains 4 or 5 inches," he said. "The country needs it."



There was scarcely a blade of grass outside The Alice.

Mr. Sid Staines, of Erldunda Station, 120 miles south of The Alice, had about 7000 cattle five years ago. There has been a five-year drought and his herd has dwindled to 3000.

"A foot and a half of rain is what we need!" said old Territorian Mr. Harry Bloomfield.

Mr. Bloomfield runs Love's Creek Station, about 80 miles away. His mother, Mrs. Lillian Bloomfield, 72, remembers how she used to come to town by horse and buggy, how supplies came by camel, how she made her own bread, soap, and butter, "seasons permitting."

She and her daughters, Mrs. Jock Nelson, wife of the Territory's one Federal member, Mrs. Ted Hayes Jnr. of Undoolya Station, and son Harry were all at the celebrations.

Several race meetings were on the programme.

The races and bull sales, where a record average price of £159 was paid for 198 bulls, brought to town broad-brimmed hats, elastic-sided boots, and a new generation of Territory pioneers.

Men like Ted Fogarty. Ted says he went to school for about three years at Katherine, began stock work at 11, and did some rough-riding.

Now, at 34, he and his brother, Dave, own 1100-square-mile Mulga Park, almost 300 miles out of town. They have a modern stone homestead built by contractors from Adelaide, and thousands of cattle.

"Dave and I and a couple of blacks run it," he says.

Dave has a wife and three children. Ted is a bachelor. "Not enough of the right kind of girls about," he says.

Nevertheless most Territorians are married—and to the right kind of girls.

DAVID GUY on the merry-go-round at the Alice Springs show.

Big cattle prices have brought city comforts to many station homesteads. There's electric light, hot running water — often from a solar system — modern stoves, refrigeration.

And every white woman in The Centre will say things are improving all the time.

Explorers' way

The Centenary celebrations will go north, following the route of the explorers to Darwin. There, five months of celebrating will wind up in September.

Descendants of the three explorers, McDouall Stuart, Kekwick, and Head, were honored guests at The Alice.

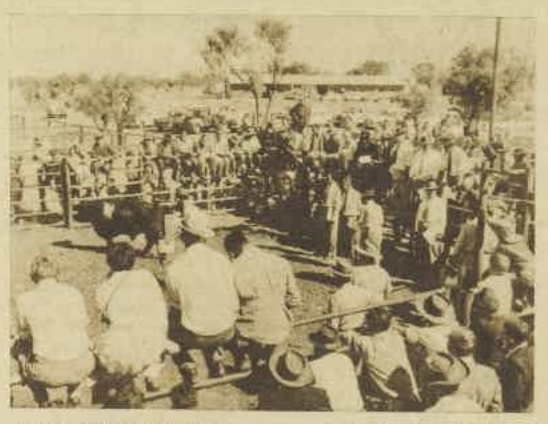
They were Mrs. C. W. Webster, of Mont Albert, Vic., a great grandniece of Stuart; Mrs. Charles Underhill, of Pt. Augusta, S.A., a granddaughter of Kekwick, and 82-year-old Mr. Herbert Head, son of Benjamin Head.

Bill Harney, who probably knows more about the Territory than any white man alive, says all the celebrating will have a lasting effect for good.

"Gives the people here a pride in what they're doing," he said.



MOTHERS and babies at the Aboriginal Baby Show, part of the Centenary celebrations. The 45 babies — aged six weeks to two years — came from settlements and missions in the N.T.



NEW RECORD average was paid at Alice Springs' sixth bull sales. Lunch was served at the "Hayshed" (in the background) to raise money for the Flying Doctor Service.

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It seems to me

By



Dorothy Drain

WHATEVER became of that extra seven minutes in "Ben-Hur"?

The film runs three hours 53 minutes, including the interval. After you've sat out that period (somewhat longer than the usual working afternoon) you might as well have boasted of a round four-hour figure.

The ordeal could have been cut to three hours without losing anything significant in the way of violence, torture, and bloodshed.

Defenders of the film speak of its "realism." But its makers must have a poor opinion of human imagination. They have certainly not relied on that quality.

As an invariable eye-shutter in the face of over-unpleasant scenes, I can't claim to have seen the whole work.

Still, in all fairness, I did enjoy some bits, including the chariot race, especially as by that stage I had devised a comfortable way of watching.

I arranged my fingers over my eyes like venetian blinds, parting them for the excitement and closing them for mangled bodies.

★ ★ ★

THEY were standing at a counter, this elderly couple, filling in a form for a Medical Benefits claim.

They found the form complex, and began, laboriously, to read the questions.

"Dear," said the husband (and this story comes to me from a most reliable eavesdropper), "you ARE female, aren't you?"

★ ★ ★

THAT new adjustable heel patented by a Chicago shoe dealer should have its uses.

But its advocates are a bit astray when they suggest that a girl could wear low heels in the office, and wind them up high for a date.

What she needs is to wind them high for working hours — for height gives confidence — and roll them down for evening, when it is a social advantage to gaze upward.

★ ★ ★

THERE was the old lady who watched Royal wedding films all day, on all three television channels, including repeats.

The fifth time the bride started down the aisle, said the old lady, she didn't seem nearly so nervous.

A SURVEY of the eating habits of the American Army shows that soldiers prefer strawberry shortcake to mashed turnips.

This should surprise no one, though the fact that turnips head the list of despised foods suggests an avenue of work for someone original and enterprising.

If you could make the things popular you might be able to make a lot of money.

Don't think I'm defending turnips, but the white ones, with those touches of lavender, are quite pretty.

The job would take about a generation. You could start by persuading parents that they were bad for children, who would then, naturally, want turnips.

Then you would launch a huge advertising campaign to inculcate the idea that tinned turnips were smart for cocktail parties.

Or you could mix them with sardines and raspberry jam.

Oh, I don't know! My heart's not in this. I think turnips are hopeless.

★ ★ ★

A BAVARIAN veterinary surgeon, Dr. Albert Wetzel, says the modern dog is more nervous than his ancestors of 100 years ago. He claims that the pace of modern living makes dogs more sensitive and disobedient than they used to be.

An' old dog for a hard road,
A dog I happen to know,
Asks "Where does the doctor get his facts
Of a hundred years ago?
There's a deal of nonsense talked, I think,
Of the strain of modern life,
But from what I've heard of my ancestors,
We dogs were ever in strife.
True, there's lots of traffic and racing-cars,
And clamor from noisy mikes,
But my great grandpop was heard to complain
Of the dangers of buggies and bikes.
The times may change, but dogs don't much,
— And that's my considered view —
They're largely the mixture as before,
As long as they've bones to chew."

Fashion Festival bookings

• Here are the booking arrangements for the L'Oreal of Paris Fashion Festival, which The Australian Women's Weekly is conducting in conjunction with Marigny.

ADELAIDE:

Bookings for Gala Performance at Town Hall, May 23, at 8 p.m., preceded by a gala dinner at 6.30 p.m., are available from the secretary, Torch Bearers for Legacy, 5 French St., Broadview, S.A., for dinner and festival £4/4/-; for gallery (festival only), 5/-.

Proceeds are in aid of Torch Bearers for Legacy.

SYDNEY:

Bookings for Gala Performance in the Empress Ballroom, Mark Foy's, on May 18, at 8 p.m., preceded by a gala dinner at 6.30 p.m., are available from the secretary, Women's Hospital, Crown Street, Sydney, at £5/5/- each.

Bookings for Business Girls' "Coiffure et Couture" Fashion Parade in Empress Ballroom, Mark Foy's, May 19, at 6.30 p.m., are available at 12/6 each from Mark Foy's (ground floor); Paper Sales Department, Australian Consolidated Press Ltd., 197 Elizabeth St., and from the Secretary, Women's Hospital, Crown Street.

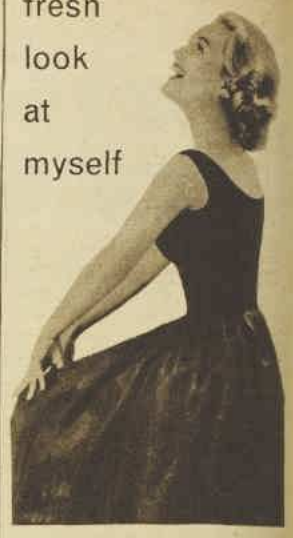
Proceeds are in aid of the Women's Hospital, Crown Street.

BRISBANE:

Bookings for Gala Performance in Festival Hall, May 27, at 8 p.m., preceded by a gala dinner at Lennons Hotel at 6.30 p.m., are available from the secretary, Combined Committee of the Bush Children's Health Scheme Appeal, and the Surf Life Saving Association, 144 Adelaide Street, Brisbane, and at the Courier-Mail office, dinner and festival, £5/5/-; gallery (festival only), £1 and 10/-.

Proceeds are in aid of the above charities.

I took a fresh look at myself



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I was in a daze after the accident, but Roger was able to give the policeman the details he wanted.

Here comes a train

A short short story by J. F. BURKE

Illustrated by Boothroyd

MY wife's nephew had been staying with us for almost a week, and so far I had seen very little of him. He was a nice, quiet, agreeable sort of boy, and seemed to keep himself occupied happily enough, although there were no boys of his age to play with.

Then my wife said, "You ought to take Roger out somewhere on Saturday."

"Oh?" I said.

"It must be rather dull for him. I feel rather guilty about not having more time to spend with him. What about you both going for a ride on your bicycles?"

I asked what he had been doing with himself during the past few days, and she told me that he had spent most of his time at the railway station. He collected train numbers. He knew all there was to know about trains.

He talked about engines with names like strange animals. He was knowledgeable on the subject of engine goods and their classification, and could trace the history of any locomotive back as far as the name of the foreman welder's grandfather.

It seemed a pleasant enough hobby. Rather pointless perhaps, but quiet. He might easily have plagued us with demands to go to the cinema, or smashed windows with a cricket ball, or littered the garden with paper space-ships launched from his bedroom. As it was, his occupation was as harmless as collecting stamps, and much less expensive.

"Where do you think he'd like to go?" I asked.

"I expect he'll be glad of anything you suggest," my wife said with her usual bland unhelpfulness: "I'm certain he would be pleased to go out with you."

So on the Saturday afternoon I pumped up the tyres on my bike and went out for a ride with Roger.

It was a mistake. I admit it now. But it was a nice afternoon, and I felt that a good energetic ride would do me a world of good, and Roger sounded pleased by the idea.

The sun was warm, the air clear. I sat back, not pedalling too vigorously, and looked about me at the undulating countryside with a sense of well-being.

It was good to be out in the open. No need for haste, no point in dashing along and missing the beauties of the green fields, the luxuriant hedgerows, the birds singing . . .

And then I realised that Roger was no longer with me.

He was several hundred yards on, pedalling away like mad. In a matter of seconds he had disappeared round a corner.

"Wait for me," I called out. Perhaps he was playing a game or challenging me to a race. "Hold on there," I cried, full of joviality and sportsmanship and all the rest of it. "I'll be with you in a minute."

I found him at last by a level crossing. He had sensed the approach of a train as a dog might smell a rabbit. His notebook was out as I approached, and he was busily checking notes he had made about times of arrival and departure of trains.

"Blow," he said. "Got it already. But what's it doing down here? It's not supposed to come this far."

He looked faintly contemptuous when I was unable to enlighten him.

The incident was repeated within the next ten minutes. Then it was repeated again. Our winding country roads manage to cross the railway line frequently in the course of a few miles. Roger was in his element, and he was obviously enjoying himself enormously, his notebook and pencil working overtime.

What I had planned as a quiet bicycle ride became a wild pursuit. One minute we would be rolling along side by side, the next I would be on my own, and Roger's legs would be churning up and down as he whizzed madly round a corner. I could only be thankful that there was so little traffic on the roads that afternoon; but there was certainly plenty on the railway.

A train would whistle in the distance, and by the time I had caught up with Roger he would be muttering gibberish about diesel and steam engines.

During the course of the afternoon I learnt a great deal about the geography of our local crossings, bridges, and cuttings. I became aware, too, of the vastness of my ignorance in the major problems of life.

"What's the shed capacity at Heatfield?" Roger would ask eagerly.

And I would say: "Oh, I suppose it's—well, it's a pretty big place, and . . . er . . . well, I don't really know. I may have been told, but it has slipped my memory."

And he would frown at this indication of my irresponsible outlook.

Towards the end of the afternoon I began to get cross. I had sweated up hills after Roger, hauled Roger back from bridges over which he was suicidally leaning and been snubbed by Roger because of my neglected education. I had reached the stage when I was longing to be home again.

I was tired of the sight of Roger dashing down a slope in a cloud of dust. I was tired of the bestial ugliness of darned engines clanking past, all looking exactly alike to me. I was, in fact, just plain tired.

When, on our homeward way, Roger trod on the pedals once more in order to watch the 4.45 come out of the tunnel, I simply couldn't be bothered to chase after him. I'm afraid I didn't share his boyish enthusiasm.

I wobbled irritably round the corner in his wake . . . and a car skidding murderously out of a side turning came over on its wrong side, lifted my bike into the ditch, and threw me down on the road. It roared off without stopping. I was left to pick myself up as best I could.

I sat up in a daze. In the distance a train whistled derisively. A policeman came on the scene with commendable promptitude, and asked me if I'd seen the number of the car.

"Of course not," I said angrily. I had reason to be angry, hadn't I? My bicycle was smashed, I was bruised and dizzy, and the chance of tracing my assailant seemed small.

And then, from behind the policeman, Roger's voice piped up. He gave a detailed description of the car, its color, and the year of its manufacture. He gave the number of it.

"Lucky you were about, son," said the policeman. "An excellent witness—a great help, young feller." He looked at me. "You're fortunate in having a lad like this, sir."

And I looked wearily at Roger. "You mean . . .?"

"Oh, yes," said Roger. "I collect car numbers as well. You never know," he added smugly, "when they'll come in useful."

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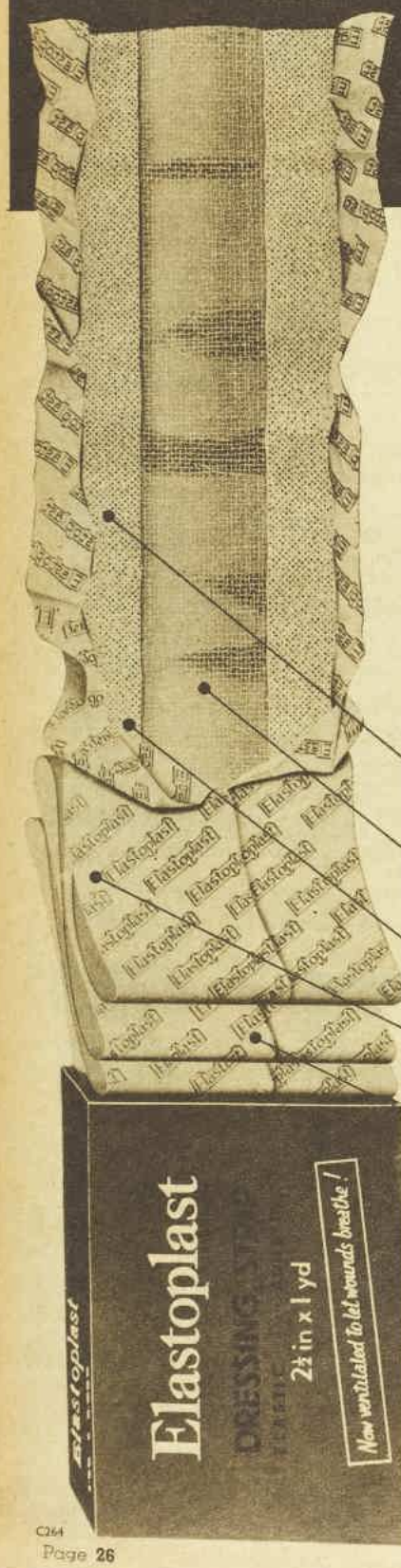
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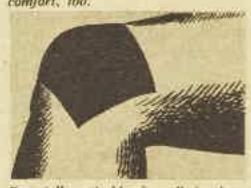




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Continuing

THE TWO FACES OF MOSCOW



ON A WINTRY Moscow afternoon, women street cleaners sweep snow from the Red Square, dominated by the copper-domed Byzantine Cathedral of St. Basil.

from page 13

the Great was a bridle, saddle, and general equipment for her horse.

The bridle contains 991 diamonds, the saddle is richly bejewelled, and the horse's shoes—and even shoe-nails—are of silver.

Catherine the Great, as a matter of fact, rather overshadows the whole collection. She must have been quite a girl, if the gifts showered on her are any indication.

But she was not mean, either, because there are four or five presents which she gave to favored lovers which indicate that the lovers in question must have been held in very high esteem. Her present to Count Orlov, for example, was a collection of silver, specially made—3275 pieces, weighing a total of more than two tons.

There were the gold drinking cups of Ivan the Terrible and Boris Godounov; the boots, made by himself, worn by Peter the Great.

"He loved to make things," said Raya, my interpreter. "But particularly he loved making boots and shoes."

"Was he a good or bad Czar?" I asked Raya.

"It is impossible for me to say that any Czar was any better than any other Czar," said Raya. "There are no such degrees with Czars. We only judge them on what they did for the State and the people. Peter the Great might have done a little more than most."

She moved me along to the dresses worn by Catherine the First's daughter, Elizabeth. This flighty miss never wore a dress twice, and when she died they found 15,000 dresses in her apartments.

"But the treasury was empty," said Raya, disapprovingly.

As we were leaving the Armory a group of American tourists came in. One lady darted across to me and said, "Oh, I saw you in 'My Fair Lady' in New York. You are wonderful as Colonel Pickering. Are you having a good season in Moscow?"

"Madam," I said, "I am not in 'My Fair Lady'." (I might explain that the New York company of the play is doing a season in Moscow.)

The American lady refused to be convinced. She winked and said: "I'll not tell anyone."

As I was taking off the cloth slippers which visitors to the Armory have to wrap round their shoes, she came up again. "Any chance of getting tickets?" she asked. Again I denied connection with the play.

"If she asks you again, why not say you are in 'My Fair Lady'?" said Raya.

"But, Raya," I said disapprovingly, "that wouldn't be true."

"What the hell," said Raya. "It'd make her happy."

Summing up

At a party given by the Australian Charge D'affaires, Mr. Bill Cutts, a Russian professor asked me what I thought of Moscow—a one-minute summing-up.

"My summing-up," I said, "is that the whole place is fascinating, but I'm glad I don't live here."

I don't think I can improve much on that. I see life in Russia as a triumph for public relations — the particular P.R. experts being the Russian Government.

There is no doubt that the people of Russia have never had it so good. But equally there is no doubt that what they're getting is terrible, judged on our standards.

The shocking thing is that the public relations work has been so good that the Russian refuses to believe that things are better anywhere else in the world.

Their life is regimented, drab, and God! how dull! They can tell you of their theatres, their culture, their art.

Hooey! How can these things stack up against freedom, against ability to do exactly as you wish, to read what you want to, say what you want to?

The endless queues, the shuffling lines of people waiting to look at Lenin. Lenin's face on every wall, in every paper.

The constant reiteration of everything unfavorable to the West, the never-ending and boring articles proclaiming that Russia is the only country with a genuine desire for peace.

The continual parades (how many work hours and school hours must be lost by this insanity would be an interesting calculation).

But these are the unfavorable things. There are many pleasing things about Russia.

It is good to know that their life is improving. The spread of their education—almost startling — must eventually have the result that people will wake up to the guff the Government hands them.

The ordinary Russian person is kind, pleasant, and desperately anxious to be friendly. You meet smiles and nods and warm handshakes.

To anyone contemplating a visit to Russia, I say: Go, because you will find it fascinating.

And when you return to Australia, you will thank Heaven for the free land in which you live.

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WORTH REPORTING

Gossip author's no talker

JOYCE HALSTEAD, our book reviewer, was so enthusiastic about "A Descant for Gossips," the book she was currently reading, that we asked to meet Thea Astley, the author.

She's a teacher of English and French at a Sydney high school, lives at Epping with her husband, John Gregson, and son Eddy, 4.

Thea was modest about her writing — didn't even like to talk about it much.

"I only know I'm not satisfied yet," she said. "I'm waiting for a real 'smasher' to come."

Her first book, "Girl With a Monkey," received good reviews a few years back.

"Novels are really quite easy to write, you know," she said. "Anyone can do it. Poetry is much harder, but a short story is the hardest."

Thea Astley should know—she's tried them all.

Reunion with Hur-Heston

WHEN you grow up, you have to face the disappointments of life bravely.

So we didn't flicker an eyelid when we met American actor Charlton Heston, star of "Ben-Hur."

Not, let us hasten to say, that Mr. H. is a disappointment. On the contrary. He's an enormous, attractive man with untidy hair, a gently pugnacious profile, and a rather nice nose that he's inclined to pat and remark, "I broke it playing football."

But we thought he just might be wearing one of those sophisticated Roman togas he sported in the film . . . no.

Mr. Heston was clad, conservatively, in a black suit, black-and-white striped shirt, and black tie. His belt—made of four narrow silver chains—was sent to him by "an admirer in Mexico."

While Mr. Heston nattered with a giggle of fascinated girls, we talked with Miss June Paget, of Darling Point, Sydney.

"This is the second time I've met Mr. Heston," she said.

"I went out to watch him making 'The Big Country' in Hollywood three years ago—I had my camera there, and a friend took a movie of us while we were talking."

So, when she's seen "Ben Hur," Miss Paget will be able to go home and watch a movie of herself starring with the star.



CHARLTON HESTON . . . so enormous and so attractive.



Mr. SURI sketched the guests.

Mr. Suri was swift

THE sketch you see above took Mr. Suri Bin Mohyani just 30 seconds—and then he wanted to tear it up because, he said, "It isn't very good."

"No, no," we said, horrified. "We haven't had an Original Art Work before."

You see, Mr. Suri was sketching impressions of guests at a reception we went to the other day . . . a reception held to publicise the Asian Festival of Arts, which begins at the Sydney Town Hall on May 24.

There'll be arts and crafts exhibitions, fashion parades, concerts, cookery demonstrations, lectures, and films.

And, when you go along to the Festival, have a look at the mural. Mr. Suri painted it.

He's in Australia doing an Arts course at Sydney University — and then when that's finished he'll be off home again to Singapore, his wife, and six children.

A B.B.C. reporter, interviewing a Minister of Her Majesty's Government, was trying to get the story behind the news.

"Tell me, sir," he said, "in a nutshell, how is your mind working?"

Don't wake the tulips

WE'VE always thought those brusque "Keep Off" notices in public gardens were rather unfriendly.

So do the Americans, apparently. We got a letter the other day from Estelle Tebbutt, of Newport Beach, N.S.W. (she's on a flying trip around the world).

When Estelle was in Washington, she visited historic Arlington House.

And, she said, "In a flowerbed that looked bare was a notice, 'Tulips Asleep.'

"I think that's a much nicer way to say 'keep off,' don't you?"

Yes.

Wedding day—50 years ago

"I WORE a long, white velvet dress and a nice white hat — something like those Merry Widow hats, but with a straight brim," said Mrs. George O'Sullivan.

She was telling us about the dress she wore to her wedding 50 years ago on May 26, 1910.

Mr. and Mrs. O'Sullivan were married at St. Francis' Church at Paddington, in Sydney.

After the wedding breakfast, "at my sister's house in Paddington," the newlyweds set off on the "long" journey to their home at Gladesville.

With modern transport, Gladesville mightn't seem too far from Paddington these days . . . they're 13 miles from one another.

But: "We took a hansom cab from Paddington to the Railway, and then a tram to the Gladesville Bridge, and then we walked across the bridge, and then we took a bus (drawn by four horses) to our house," said Mrs. O'Sullivan.

"We've lived in this house —and happily, too — ever since."

★ ★ ★

WELL, this Sydney businessman (no names, because we promised) was at a Big Conference. The going was tough, and his fevered brow needed mopping.

So he whipped a handkerchief from his trouser pocket. Trouble was, it wasn't a handkerchief. It was his breakfast-table napkin. And VERY egg-stained. But — a reassuring note—he's the man who can take a yolk.

MOTORING

By BETTY McKAY

● Recently, discussing the qualities which make a good driver, I listed selfishness as one of the most damning faults of the bad driver.

THE road-hog, the most selfish of bad drivers, comes in two types—fast and slow.

The "fast" hog pushes everyone aside in a crazy desire to be King of the Road. His days are numbered—but the tragedy is that he'll take someone else with him.

These hogs are mainly male, but some women in big cars also qualify.

The "slow" hog can be of either sex. This type sits in the middle of the road and refuses to allow other traffic to overtake.

In some enlightened countries the "slow hogs" are booked right along with the "fast hogs," for they are both traffic menaces.

These slow hogs can be seen mainly at weekends at the head of a queue or trailing a heavy transport for mile after mile.

Selfish driving around town can be equally irritating, but possibly less dangerous. Often-seen examples are when waiting at traffic lights — the selfish driver seems to delight in using as much space as he can.

Parking shows whether a driver is selfish or not. Those who jam in, or carelessly use more space than necessary, or leave part of their car projecting into traffic, or double park, all contribute to the traffic tension.

Lack of hand signals or not giving them until too late; overtaking and then almost immediately slowing to take a side street are other examples of selfish driving.

The best way to avoid being labelled selfish on the roads is to drive as if you had a big plaque on the rear of your car giving your name and address; or to imagine that you are in the car following yours.

No one is foolish enough to say it is easy to be a good driver—it's not. But we can at least improve our road manners and "do unto others . . . "

HINT FOR WEEK: Most drivers dip their lights to approaching vehicles at night—but few remember to dip them when following another vehicle: Your lights can dazzle the driver ahead by reflecting off the 'rear-view mirror.

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LETTER BOX

● *We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters signed for publication.*

So say it with flowers

IF one man sees another with a bunch of flowers he invariably says, "Peace offering, mate?" Why can't a man take his wife home flowers without this tag? It's no good heaping flowers on your wife's grave; give them to her while she's with you and can enjoy them. Don't worry about being called a cissy; bring on the flowers — your wife will love you for it.

£1/1/- to Mr. R. K. Wilson, Birchgrove, N.S.W.

See and hear

IT'S amazing the number of people who "hear" better when they're wearing their spectacles. The first time I heard someone say, "Wait until I get my glasses," when I spoke, I thought it was a gag, but now I notice a large number of people have unconsciously learnt to lip-read. My sister is 50 per cent. deaf, and people think her charming because she never takes her eyes from the speaker's face.

£1/1/- to G. M. Hart, Atherton, Qld.

But no reward

WHILE on holidays recently my husband found a wallet packed with notes and an address. He found the owner, and only received a "thank-you." The owner should have offered a reward, even though we would have refused it.

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. Alcorn, Chatswood, N.S.W.

Best-dressed

IS it so wonderful to be numbered among the world's best-dressed women? To achieve this status a woman would have to use a great deal of money, a great deal of time, and most valuable of all—a great deal of her thoughts.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Thomas, Rose Bay, N.S.W.

Selfish service

I CONSIDER self-service shops could more accurately be called selfish-service shops. It appals me that a customer has to walk, find, carry her own needs, and then pay up quickly and hurry out of the queue.

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. McCombie, St. Kilda, Vic.

Wed—or wait?

● ***A host of readers disagree with F. Leach (Qld.), who accused young couples who marry before owning their own home, of lacking backbone.***

IF we bought our own house before marrying, we'd be in our thirties. My husband and I have our own furniture and car and we live in a flat.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Burnett, Newmarket, Qld.

ISN'T it rather silly to expect every young couple to wait until they have their own home before marriage? The deposit alone is more than the average couple can manage. We have almost completed a brick home, and no doubt would have had it sooner had we not married, but in the meantime we've had nearly six happy years of marriage.

£1/1/- to Mrs. C. Turner, Launceston, Tas.

IN our three years of marriage, we have had two babies, built and paid for half our own home, and furnished it with all the labor-saving appliances I need. We have done all this on my husband's wages, and without a loan.

£1/1/- to Mrs. V. Jenner, Armidale, N.S.W.

IF we all waited until we had our own homes before marrying, most of us would die old maids and bachelors. Rather than live with my in-laws, we searched for a flat and are paying double the rent we would have paid at home. The price of homes and land makes it hard for most of us, but, as we have backbone, we'll reach our goal.

£1/1/- to Mrs. B. Lanham, Fairlight, N.S.W.

WHEN my husband and I returned from our honeymoon two years ago, we had £5 between us. Now we have a fully furnished lovely home, a TV set, washing-machine, and an almost-one-year-old daughter. I'm still taking in work at home to help pay for them.

£1/1/- to Mrs. L. Macks, Oyster Bay, N.S.W.

Not useless

AS I'm an invalid, I'm used to depending on others, and seem to be always saying "Thank you." But please, could the tables be turned now and again? I'm sure other "shut-ins" feel as I do. We can darn socks, do the vegetables, write the letters, and a dozen other things if you will only ask us. It's wonderful to feel useful, and to hear people say "Thank you" for a job they couldn't find time to do themselves.

£1/1/- to "Elf" (name supplied), Kallista, Vic.

Easter bunny

WHEN I gave a fluffy, yellow chicken to a three-year-old recently the child called it an Easter bunny! It seems this Easter-bunny nonsense, which has crept into our vocabulary during the past few years, will make Easter just as commercialised as Christmas, with the religious connections obscured, and confused children thinking rabbits lay eggs.

£1/1/- to Mrs. F. M. Fenton, Woombye, Qld.

Married "cabbages"

IT'S amazing the number of young married women, some well educated, who become "cabbages," talking about their children all the time. Anyone with a wireless set can manage a few interesting sessions. The news broadcasts, "Notes on the News," and numerous school programmes are thought-provoking and provide plenty of conversational inspiration for housebound young mothers. Forget the children for a while—you'll be a more interesting person and a better mother.

£1/1/- to "Listener" (name supplied), Bunbury, W.A.

Ross Campbell writes...

IT is time, I think, that somebody spoke up for the umpteenager.

Quite a large number of people are umpteen years old. I belong to the group myself. But we are not properly organised.

We don't have special clothes, like matador pants or bulky-knit sweaters. Nobody puts on radio programmes for us.

So teenagers tend to think we are has-beens who don't have any fun.

Yet umpteenagers have a very good time in their own way.

Part of the fun of being an umpteenager is that you don't have to go to dances.

I was reminded of this when I read Pat O'Connell's article in Teenagers' Weekly describing the awful partners that fell to her lot on some disenchanted evening.

I used to have bad times at dances, too.

My hostess would lead me over and say, "I do want you to meet Poppy Dingwattle." Then I would have to dance with Poppy, a big, healthy girl about whom I didn't care two straws.

UMPTEEN TIME

At the same time lovely Gloria McDill, for whom I had a hopeless passion, was whirling in the arms of Handsome Harry Brown.

I don't claim I was actually dancing with tears in my eyes, but I felt glum.



Nowadays, as an umpteenager, I have no worries like that.

Another of our privileges is not waiting anxiously for telephone calls.

Oh, those desperate evenings I spent by the phone, hoping Annabelle Potts would invite me to her 21st-birthday party! All I got was a series of wrong-number calls saying, "Is that Purple Top Cabs?"

Umpteenagers don't care if the phone rings or not. They rather prefer not, because it means getting up from in front of the TV set.

One of the satisfying umpteenage pleasures is not worrying about your looks.

As a teenager I used to gaze in the mirror for long periods, wondering if I had any resemblance to Fred MacMurray. Now I know I haven't, and I don't mind a bit.

I was talking to an attractive umpteenage woman, and I asked her what she liked most about her present way of life.

"I think the nicest part is not having young men trying to kiss me in motor cars," she said. "Every time I got into a car or taxi with one of them I knew he was going to pounce at the first opportunity. I really used to dread it. Now when I go for a drive with my husband I feel quite safe from that sort of thing."

I hope what I have said here will cheer up teenagers who are depressed about their private lives. Youth is a time when one is apt to have a lot of non-fun. But those who are going through it can always look forward to their pleasant future as umpteenagers.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

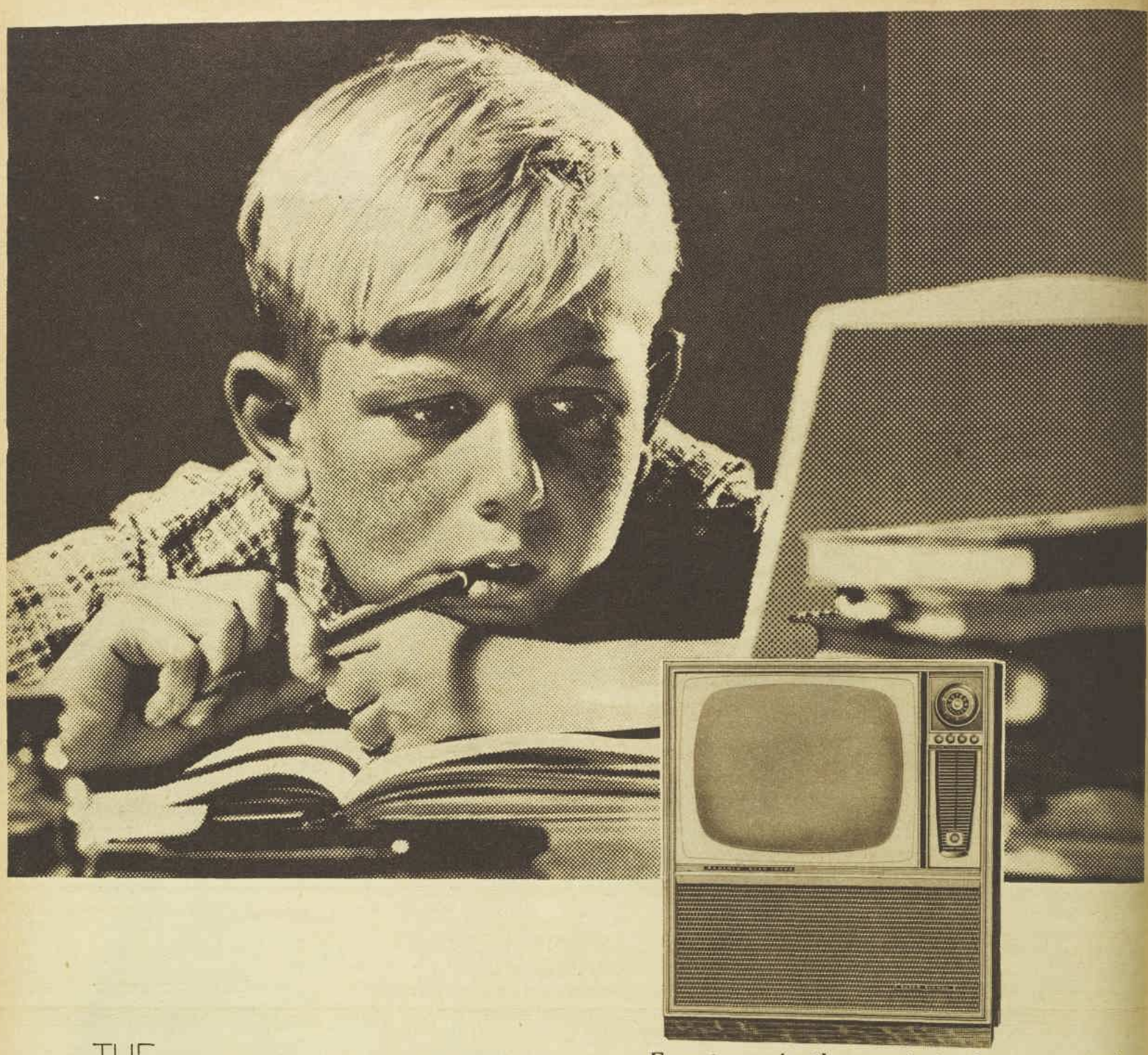
Teenagers' WEEKLY



Bobby Rydell.

18-year-old dynamic singing star from Philadelphia, is riding high on the international wave of teen popularity. Bobby started in show-business when he was eight. "I love it, and wouldn't want anything else," he says: "My ambition is to be as well-rounded an entertainer as Sammy Davis Jnr." With fair hair, hazel eyes, Bobby is hoping to get a break into films when he gets home from his tour of Australia.

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LETTERS

There are no holds barred in this forum. Send your snaps, too, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Send them to Box 7052 WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Weekend homework "unfair"

I DON'T mind doing my homework during the week, but I think it is most unfair that we should have such a lot at the weekends. We have Saturday and Sunday as a holiday to relax, not to stay in our rooms surrounded by books. For all the good the weekend does for us we might as well continue to go to school. It seems to me that most teachers pile on the homework to make up for what they fail to teach us.—*J.B., Coogee, N.S.W.*

Girls in pants

AS one of a crowd of boys, may I suggest some smart feminine clothes for girls for a change? We boys are sick of seeing girls in skinny long pants and boys' sweaters and would welcome a change. Wake up, girls! After all, we still like to wear the pants. — *"Had 'Em," Maitland, N.S.W.*

Slapped on tram

WHAT protection has a schoolgirl against bullying tram or bus conductors? Coming home from school, I was slapped on the arm by a tram conductor who thought I was too slow handing him my fare money. I realise they must have a trying job, but surely this is no excuse for rudeness and bullying. — *Eileen Lawson, Mt. Waverley, Vic.*



BEVERLEY BARNETT
. . . good sport for girls

Bike-racing

IS there anything wrong with girls riding boys' racing bikes on a bike track? I think it's better for young girls to take part in good, clean sport of a Sunday afternoon, rather than to wander around the streets. We do not ride the boys' bikes around the streets, only on the track. Sometimes we travel to Murwillumbah, 80 miles away, to take part in the races there, but our mothers or other adult friends are always there to chaperon us. Lately, some of our members have withdrawn from the club because their mothers think it's unladylike to ride boys' bikes. Well, we can't all be little ladies, but surely we can still be feminine as well as lady cyclists. — *Beverley Barnett, Casino, N.S.W.*

Early-bird

HOW many teenagers have the same problem as I had — writing good essays for English homework? I could never "think" when it came to writing essays in the evenings, after spending hours at school during the day. Now I go to bed early on essay nights and get up early next morning, then write the essay. Everything is quiet and peaceful, and it is much easier going. Results: best English marks ever. — *Helen Cock, Linden Park, S.A.*

Be yourself

I GUESS you've heard it before — now hear it again: Always Be Yourself. When I was young (I'm a ripe old 17 years now) I was shy and played "let's pretend" all the time. The result was I had short-lived popularity; each new person I met was attracted by what they thought was me, but soon discovered that instead of a witty, happy-go-lucky girl, I was merely a quiet, shy country girl, and left me alone. My pal, an ordinary girl like me, did not pretend and was not very popular, but now has several firmly established friends who like her as she is. — *"L.W.," Calliope, Qld.*

Film helps

I AM studying "A Tale of Two Cities" for the Intermediate. A few years ago I saw the film of the novel and I think all students should see it. It is rather a hard book to study—and I think the film would be very helpful to students. — *Beverley Neal, Newcastle, N.S.W.*

Early-marriage warning

● A warning to teenagers against rushing into early marriage was given by "Blondie" (T.W. 13/4/60). Now 23, with four children, she said it would have been better to save more, and have more fun, by postponing marriage for a few years. Readers are evenly divided on this issue.

For . . .

I AGREE with "Blondie" about teenagers not rushing into marriage. They should enjoy themselves while they can, and at the same time save for the future. If they got married at 18 or 19 they would later wish they could go out with people their own age; instead they have to stay at home and mind the children. Of course, they could leave the children with Granny, but she'd soon get sick of looking after them and not being able to go out herself. So, teenagers should leave marriage until they are about 21. Any person can have fun, married or not, if they save beforehand. — *"Cookie," Crookwell, N.S.W.*

LIKE "Blondie," I have realised that marrying young has its drawbacks. I was married at 17 and am now 22 with four children. We have found out how hard all our responsibilities are on us, with not much fun. It's really all work and no play, and our fondest dream — a home of our own — is not in the immediate future. We love our children dearly, but both agree we could have given them more if we'd postponed our wedding and saved more. We are all very happy, but, even so, money problems can weigh you down. — *"Brunette," Bomaderry, N.S.W.*

. . . against

AS another "old married woman," I disagree with "Blondie." I married at 16 and now at 20 have got four children and a very good, kind husband. If I could start again I would do just the same thing. I have never missed anything of the past and we haven't got much, not even a car. We just stay at home with the children and take a day in town with them sometimes, but we are happy. — *(Mrs.) Yenny Hansen, Basket Range, S.A.*

I STARTED going with my boy-friend when I was 13 and we went together for 3½ years before we were married. We have now been married for three years and have two beautiful children, a boy and a girl, and I am still only 19. We also have our own land and our house is nearly finished, so you see it's not so hard, especially if you both try and put your minds to it. So I say, go ahead, you young couples, if you want to get married, but be sure you are mature enough to know what you are doing.—*(Mrs.) Anne Tooth, Bulli, N.S.W.*

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How Connie lost



40 pounds in 3 months

● Connie Francis sat alone in a corner of the TV studio munching a huge salami sandwich, and relishing every bite. She was fourteen and she was getting her first big break on "Startime," one of the biggest American network shows.



CONNIE FRANCIS with her father, who tells her, "You've got to eat to keep up your strength". . . . but she now rejects his salami sandwiches she used to relish.



WHEN Connie does the household shopping with her mother she always insists on plenty of fresh fruit and vegetables, no matter what their price.

HER father had brought her the sandwich as he did at all her rehearsals. "You've got to eat to keep up your strength," he always said.

Then one of the boys on the show yelled: "Hey, fatty, let's go over this song."

Connie cringed, and her eyes filled with tears. She knew the kids didn't mean to hurt her. But she was fat. She was five feet tall, and she weighed 140lb.

Being overweight had never bothered her before. She always had a lot of fun, at home, or at school, or working on her singing.

Boys? Dates? She didn't have time—and, anyway, her parents didn't believe in fourteen-year-old girls dating.

But now . . . well, she was beginning to care what boys thought. And how could she ever get anywhere, with boys or with her career, if she didn't reduce?

The very next day she made an appointment with her doctor. "There's nothing wrong with you physically, Connie," he told her. "It's just that, like a lot of people, you have a natural tendency to put on weight. But you can control it by eating sensibly."

Then, wonder of wonders, he told her how!

"I've kept on my diet from that day to this," said Connie, who is now 20. "It's done wonders for me, and I'm happy to give it to teens who have the same problems."

And that's how we got Connie's Teenage Diet.

"There's one very important thing about this," Connie said. "Be sure to have a thorough check-up by your doctor, and tell him what you're planning to do.

"There may be reasons why it wouldn't be good for you—perhaps your extra pounds are due to a gland disturbance.

"I had no special, expensive treatments, yet it took me only three months to get down to my normal weight!

"I should warn you, though—the first month you seem to lose weight fast, but after that it goes more slowly.

"But 'starvation diets' that take off weight too fast are very dangerous. Doctors recommend a loss of not more than two pounds a week.

"Another important thing—don't be a martyr! After about a week, give yourself that chocolate bar or ice-cream you're dying to have. It's a sort of safety-valve — keeps you from breaking down and going off on a real binge.

"The toughest part is self-discipline. One thing that helps a lot, if you can manage it, is having a friend with the same problem.

"My friend, Joyce Becker, is inclined to be over-weight too, and we find that feeling 'responsible' for each other helps us stick to it. I think, 'If I eat that cake, Joyce will go off her diet, too.'

"One more thing—exercises! Whether you like them or not, do them 15 or 20 minutes a day—push-ups, toe-touching, bending. You need them to keep your body from becoming flabby when you lose weight.

"That's all there is to it. Good luck!"

Connie's Teenage Diet

BREAKFAST

Fruit juice or grapefruit or any piece of fruit
Hard-boiled egg or yoghurt with fruit flavor
Melba toast or whole wheat or protein bread (one slice, a little butter)
Coffee or tea with milk and sugar-substitute

LUNCH

Roast beef slices or fish or unsweetened fruit salad with cottage cheese
Tomato and lettuce salad (no dressing. A hard-boiled egg can be added if not eaten for breakfast)
Glass of fruit juice

AFTERNOON SNACK

Glass of skimmed milk or piece of fruit

DINNER

Steak or chicken (grilled)
Half a small baked potato (a little butter and salt. Connie scoops out starchy centre of larger potato and eats the skin — *vitamin-filled!*)
Mixed green-and-yellow vegetable (such as peas, carrots)
Fruit salad (if not eaten at lunch)
Coffee or tea with milk and sugar substitute

● All items should be eaten in moderate quantities only. No second helpings!

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DEBORAH KERR



DORIS DAY



CAROLYN JONES



GLYNIS JOHNS

THINK MINK

or how not to be average

● Maybe you feel safe, and a little relieved, if you rate "average" in a personality quiz. But if you do you are in real danger of becoming terribly dull.

AND dull people don't attract friends — they become lonely and unhappy.

There's nothing praiseworthy about being average. You might just as well be bizarre, or extremely shy, domineering or timid, for all the good it will do you on the road to social success.

But are you quite sure you're average?

No one is really average, not even a teenager. Think hard and you'll remember there's some little thing you do better than anyone else in your crowd.

Maybe it's water ski-ing. Or tennis. Or dressmaking. Perhaps you can cook better than the other girls, or you're better informed about world affairs.

You might be able to act or sing, or dance a little bit better. You could be better looking, if you tried.

There's sure to be some little thing that makes you different.

You think your looks are only average? Chances are they're not.

We had a girl in our office once who was sure she was average. She had medium-brown hair, medium-grey eyes, an average figure, and a face that was pleasant without being madly pretty.

One day she complained about her hair, which she wore in a plain style, turned up at the ends in a short bob.

"It's dull," she said. "I'd like to try a bleach."

One of the girls told her not to be silly. "Your hair is perfect the way it is," she said. "It's such a lovely color, like mink."

From that day on the girl with the average hair became the girl with the mink hair. She brushed it until it glowed, and she was happy because she'd found something that was different and attractive about her appearance.

Suddenly she wasn't average any longer.

The moral of this story is: "Think mink."

If you think of your hair as being mink, or sable, or musquash color instead of just plain brown, you've got yourself a beauty asset without a single trip to the hairdresser.

The same thing applies to other physical assets. Look at the photographs of the film stars on this page. None of them is a raving beauty, but each has traded on some special quality that sets her apart.

Deborah has traded on her air of calm serenity, Glynis has made the most of her pixyish features, Doris has made a positive asset of her freckles, and Carolyn has won fame with her magnificent eyes.

Find your talents

Apart from looks—what about a girl's other talents?

Don't, for heaven's sake, tell anyone you're an average cook. Find some dish you make better than anyone else—say a French salad, or an omelet, or a steak diane.

Practise on your family, or if you live alone in a bed-sitter give yourself a treat. Then you'll be ready for the right occasion.

And that can arise quite often. Don't forget there are lots of interesting people who get hungry roughly three times a day. They are only too glad to sample your cooking.

The days are gone when men were frightened of "intelligent" women. So if the talk turns to books, art, or the theatre, don't take a perverse pride in knowing nothing about them.

It's no disgrace if some misguided people call you an intellectual. You're just displaying a reasonable interest, that's all.

If you're talking to the boy who sits next to you in the bus, and he's usually clutching a copy of the daily paper, ask him what he thinks about Prime Minister Macmillan or the situation in South Africa.

He'll be terribly flattered. If he knows something about international affairs you'll go up tremendously in his estimation if you can ask a few intelligent questions and offer comments of your own.

If he doesn't look that type, draw him out about his favorite comic strip. He'll be glad to find a girl with a sense of humor, especially if he's devoted to the more subtle strips.

Whatever you discuss, it will be more interesting to you both than idle chatter about the weather.

If your wardrobe is looking drab, ring the changes with a new outfit that has something definite to say for itself.

Wear a pink blouse with an orange skirt, or try some of the new blue and green nail varnish. If you've always gone in for straight skirts and medium-heel shoes, try wearing a full skirt and very high heels occasionally.

Don't make a complete change overnight, but experiment every so often with just one aspect of your wardrobe.

Nothing is duller than having your friends say, "It looks **exactly** like you." Startle them occasionally. It's good for your morale. And if you use good taste and imagination it'll be good for your appearance, too.

If you've always been a tolerant, easygoing sort of person, try standing up for your rights occasionally. You don't have to be aggressive. Just be firm.

When the gang tries to drag you along to a film you've seen three times already, say no. Don't just tag along meekly. The same thing applies to going out with the same boy, whom you don't particularly like, anyway. Have the courage of your convictions and make a change.

Discover others

And take a new look at other people, too. Don't stick to that "average" idea that your young brother is a no-hoper. You'll discover that he has some "mink" qualities, too, and instead of being strangers you can have quite a lot of fun together.

Or the woman at school who teaches maths. Like the rest of the gang, you detest her—and fail in test after test. But what about the "brain" who says she's a good old stick. Maybe you'd come to the same conclusion if you looked for her good points—and listened to her. Then your marks might rise above the average, too.

And what about your ideas of Life with a capital L? Do you just accept the views of those around you as gospel? Do you do something just because it's the done thing? If so, start chucking those ideas out the window and begin to think things out for yourself—and come to your own conclusions. Making your own decisions is a sign of maturity.

You'll never grow up if you keep doing the same things, wearing the same type of clothes, and meeting the same people for coffee year after year.

Start making a few changes. It's fun.

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Louise Hunter — Here's your answer

Keen to be actress

"I WANT to become an actress. Now please don't say it is a phase most girls go through and that I'll soon grow out of it, because I have had this ambition for as long as I can remember. I'll admit I'm not beautiful, but I have been told I'm attractive and that I have a tremendous personality. I also come from what you might call an artistic family. Beside being musical my mother used to be a successful writer and I have a number of very successful artists for uncles and aunts. I don't expect to become a star overnight. I know there is a lot of hard work entailed and that there are many more actresses than there are parts, but I am sure it is what I want to do. I have a good steady job doing shorthand and typing and if I was a failure I could always return to that. I would like to go to a good acting school. Could you advise one, and what would be the approximate cost for a full course? Would you say there was any chance of me being successful! Is there much scope for young actresses in Australia? I am just 16, but look 18,"

"Hopeful," N.S.W.

Talent, money, and hard work are necessary to fulfil your ambition. It is a big one. You were sensible to train as a stenographer because regular eating comes from such jobs, and often the meals are few and far between if you have to depend on the income you make when you first start a career as an actress.

There are a number of drama courses, good ones, that you will find advertised in the daily papers. Most of these can be done at night and would be a good idea to test your ability.

There is also a very good course at the University of New South Wales at the National Institute of Dramatic Art, which would be ideal if you or your family could afford it for you. It costs £100 a year for two years, is a full-time course, and would mean that you couldn't keep your regular job as a stenographer.

To take this course you must have your Leaving Certificate, (but it is not necessary to have a matriculation pass), be 17, and pass a competitive audition to be accepted for the course.

The course, a new one, is extremely popular. If you want to try to be accepted for it you should make application and enquiry soon to the University of New South Wales at Kensington.

Entrance auditions are held each November, and successful students, 30 of them, begin their drama course the following February. The auditions are highly competitive, and sometimes there are more than 100 entrants for the 30 vacancies in the course.

At the end of the course, successful students receive a diploma which is a qualification for a job as an actress and proof that you are well-trained.

Students do courses in speech, movement, acting, history of theatre, and English literature, and take part in at least four or five plays.

You ask is there much scope for young actresses in Australia. I'm told that there is always a good deal of scope here for a good actress.

Leaving home

"I NEED your answer very badly. The position is I'm just 17 and have been going with my boy-friend for 12 months and we are very much in love. My mother is very sweet to him when he is doing things for her (he's very generous), but the other day she blew sky-high when we went for a driving lesson from which I returned at 6 o'clock. My family will shift this year to another town about 200 miles away and I am wondering how old I have to be before I can leave home and return here as I have a good job and we intend to marry in about two years. We understand about each other and really feel suited. He and I hide nothing from each other. Can you please help us, as we will wait on your answer. By the way, my boy-friend is 20. I'm sure my mother is using him to suit her own ends. It hurts me terribly."

"Dr. Blueboy," Vic

I doubt if your hurt could equal your mother's when you tell her you want to leave home. And I doubt whether you are being quite fair to her about everything. I am sure that when she blew up there was a very good reason for it. Did you tell her you were going, or leave without doing all your jobs? I feel sure there is something behind it all—of which you are probably aware.

I don't know why mothers go on the way they do with their daughter's boy-friends, asking them to do this and that for them, and generally putting them to good use, but it is a rare mother who doesn't do it. I believe it is their way of testing out a young man to see if they think he is good husband-material for their daughter.

It is a kind of trial by adversity, and you'll be relieved to hear it doesn't last as long as the courtship. Clever daughters see that it doesn't. They get the boy-friend out on a picnic or something, or do the jobs themselves before he gets there.

Leaving home is a very serious step for a girl. You are old enough to do so provided you fulfil certain conditions. If you continue to feel you want to leave home, you should consult the chamber magistrate in your town. You will find him helpful and he will be able to let you know the legal position exactly as it applies to you.

Talk it over with him. You will find him attached to the office at the local Court House.

I really think that a separation from your boy-friend for a while would probably be quite good for you. You're not going across the other side of the world and such a separation would make you more certain of your feelings.

Leaving home is such a drastic step and one that always causes an emotional upheaval even if it is done because of practical circumstances or with both sides, the girl and her mother, feeling it is a wise step.

Done as you suggest with you feeling discontented with home and puzzled and hurt about your mother, it is a very painful business.

At the back of my mind is the knowledge that you plan to marry within two years. A marriage that begins amid parental disapproval is much harder to make a success of than one in which both parties have their parents' blessing. Try diplomacy with your parents and try to make a go of things at home. If you can't, when you move, and decide what you want to do, talk it over with the chamber magistrate.

Age for lipstick

"WE are two 13-year-old girls whose parents say we are too young to wear stockings and lipstick. All our friends are allowed to do this and we think it is all right to wear stockings and a little lipstick at our age. Do you think we are too young?"

"Kids in Trouble," Q.

I think a little pale pink lipstick at parties and on special occasions becomes a 13-year-old girl, but certainly not for school. As for stockings, I think they are simply a matter of money and comfort. Stockings are warm this weather if you can afford them, but I think young legs look very nice without them.

For special occasions, if you don't wear stockings, rub a little hand lotion or a trace of your mother's face-cream into your legs.

However, the fact that I approve of lipstick for you doesn't mean you can wear it. Your mother's viewpoint is probably very soundly based and you must do what she says, and not make her life a misery over it.

Trial separation

"I HAVE been going with a boy for about 14 months and we plan to become engaged at the end of the year. However, for about six months we have been quarrelling and picking on one another for no apparent reason at all. We have decided to stop seeing one another for a couple of months to see if it will change our feelings. Do you think after the two months are up we should renew our friendship or should I try to forget, and find someone else?"

"B.G.," N.S.W.

You'll know the answer at the end of the two months. I can't tell you now. It doesn't look as if things are too good. You are very sensible to have decided on the trial separation. It's best to be sure before you take the serious step of becoming engaged.



A WORD FROM DEBBIE

NEXT time you go rock-'n-rolling in a full skirt with layers and layers of petticoats beneath it, make sure the skirt is two inches longer than you want it to be.

Why? the bouffant effect of the petticoats holds the skirt up and out, and it appears to be two inches shorter than it is.

And if you're an athletic rock-'n-roller, make sure your pants are tight-legged ones that match your petticoat.

Dresses for dances come in all lengths these days. Depending on its design, you can have a dance dress that is street-length, one that is two inches below the knee, one mid-calf length, one ankle-length, or one that sweeps the floor.

Short ones for me everytime. They are easier to manage, and boys like legs.

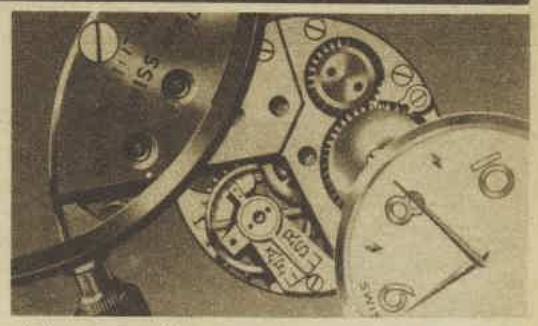
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IF you're thinking of buying (or giving) a watch, remember this. *A good looking case is no guarantee of a good watch.* And no one wants a watch that will eventually be more trouble than it's worth.

The real answer to how accurate and trouble-free your watch will be lies *inside* the case. In the fact that every fine SWISS watch is fitted with a certain number of functioning jewels. And most important, that a fine Swiss watch has a movement which includes *two essential jewels* where they count most; at the hard-working heart of your watch — the jewelled-lever escapement.

FOR YOUR OWN PROTECTION, BEFORE YOU BUY A WATCH, ASK YOURSELF TWO QUESTIONS. IS IT SWISS? HAS IT A QUALITY MOVEMENT?



Ask your jeweller or watchmaker why you should choose a fine Swiss watch with two vital jewels protecting the escapement's points of wear. For lasting economy, jewels elsewhere are useful; two jewels here are essential.

A fine SWISS watch: the only watch worth buying

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THE IDES OF MARCH!

● According to history, the Ides of March caused poor old Caesar a mess of trouble.

FOR the benefit of readers whose memories of history and Shakespeare are about as good as mine, Julius was warned of impending danger on March 15 — the Ides of March — and, sure enough, was done in on that day.

Which just goes to show that there is nothing new under the sun.

How come? Well, you see, modern Ides of March are causing the 20th-century counterparts of the roamin' Roman considerable strife, too.

The "March" is the most significant part of these new Ides because that's the trouble — the way girls march around.

Tune into my walkie-talkie and see some of the ways girls get out of step . . .

One of the most annoying and persistent footfaults by girls is their habit of walking on the wrong side of a footpath.

If they kept to the left everything would be right! But no. Lasses all seem to have left-hand drives, and accordingly always career head-on into approaching pedestrian traffic.

Amateur marching girls should also be forced to use hand signals. Thousands of collisions are caused every day by girls making illegal turns in traffic and screeching to halts outside shop windows.

And while window-shopping, I'd like to stamp out their habit of ambling along, three-abreast and arm-in-arm, a lunch-hour city street. This glass-gazing really gives me a pain!

The way girl walkers cross the streets makes me cross (not the streets!), too.

When they can't cross they're impatient, straining at the kerb like racehorses at the barrier.

If you stand in front of them they push you; if you stand behind them a car heading for a puddle makes them jump back—usually on to some poor male's toes.

For all their hurry and worry at the roadside, however, when they do get the green light or the policeman's glad hand a tortoise would beat them to the other side.

They mince across, holding up people behind more effectively than Ned Kelly ever held up a gold coach.



"This one is fabulous! During the drum break, the man next door bangs the wall with a poker!"

Even the girl jay-walker is a hindrance. A bloke will be successfully sneaking across a road when a lass follows his lead—and fouls up the deal.

While the furtive fellow does his dirty work discreetly, blending subtley with the background of horn-blearing cars, the girl makes a helter-skelter welter of it.

She makes her jay gay by dashing across the road with skirt and hair flying and heels clicking madly.

Naturally, the cop on point duty cops her—and the poor boy cops it, too!

Another road hog, who is truly a nuisance of the first water and all wet, is the vamp with a gamp.

This lassie (whom I'd like to see go home!) uses her umbrella as a shield against not only rain but fellow-pedestrians, too.

I've taken plenty of (umbrella) ribbing from such sorts!

A similar girl who puts her foot in it when she goes walking is the one who uses her bag in much the same way as a soldier uses a rifle with fixed bayonet.

With a well-wielded handbag a girl can make her point in any traffic argument.

Well, those are some footnotes on how girls really sweep me off my feet when we meet on a street.

If girls think I've punned heavily on the subject of walking they've only got a member of thir own sex to blame.

For, 'pon my sole, wasn't it Helen of Troy whose pace launched a thousand quips?

— Robin Adair

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MASTER OF MAKE-UP

● The all-Australian musical comedy "Mistress Money" breaks new ground for Sydney's tiny Phillip Street Theatre—famous for its witty reviews. Gordon Chater, who plays the male lead opposite Sheila Bradley, takes two hours to achieve the make-up transformation shown here.



1. *Gordon Chater, aged 38 — without the make-up that turns him into the 63-year-old miser Harpagon in "Mistress Money." Staff photographer Adelie Hurley took the pictures.*





2. *Soap on the eyebrows dries to form a second skin. Over it goes a light make-up stick to fade out the original eyebrows.*

3. *Mauve shadow emphasises the ageing crannies of the eye sockets, and lines are extended down the side of the nose and face, following the natural sags.*





4. *Highlights of white greasepaint are applied with a Chinese brush. Gordon draws a bulbous line on the nose.*



5. *False eyebrows are stuck on with spirit gum. Gordon has drawn in the frown lines on his forehead and pencilled his cheeks.*



6. *False fingernails go on next. Hands have the same make-up as the face.*

7. *Gordon clowns with his elaborately curled wig. Set in the 18th century, the comedy is based on plays by French satirist Moliere.*



8. *"My mistress money . . ." sings Harpagon, dreaming of his true love. Dot Mendoza wrote the show's music, John McKellar the lyrics, and Eleanor Witcomb the book.*

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MURDER AND MERRIMENT

TELEVISION PARADE — By NAN MUSGROVE

● "Hawaiian Eye," the TV crime show everyone wrote off as a flop and a failure after its premiere, has confounded its critics and become one of the most popular detective shows in Australia.

EXPERTS say that it is popular because fans like the amiable people of its regular cast — Tony Eisley, Bob Conrad, Poncie Ponce, and pert Connie Stevens, who, as Cricket Blake, often steals the show.

The two Hawaiian Eyes, Eisley and Conrad, sometimes spend as much time in each episode escaping from Connie's blandishments as they do detecting.

(Incidentally, Warner Bros., the producers, who undoubtedly based the show on the extremely popular "77 Sunset Strip," say that debonair Eisley, 35, is in the cast for the older women TV fans; Conrad, 24, is for the younger ones.)

The fourth regular in the show is Hawaiian-born Poncie Ponce who plays a sort of Charlie - Chan's - No. - 1-son character. He drives a cab and plays the ukelele.

But the unquestionable star with the cast and the crew is 21-year-old Connie who never stops talking. She's everyone's kid sister.

Connie as Cricket, is a photographer - singer in a Honolulu hotel who manages, through her feminine wiles, to help the boys in their work.

She also hinders them on the set. She had to learn to handle a camera and develop her own films for the show and drives everyone mad with her new hobby.

"I put my foot down the day she wanted to shoot pictures of me in the gym," Bob Conrad said.

Conrad was an amateur boxing champ in Chicago and spends at least an hour a day in gym work-outs.

"She may get me to pose for some nutty shot after a hard day at the studio," Bob says, "but something has to be sacred."

Connie is the effervescent member of the cast, and in private and public life rarely stops talking. She says she wasn't keen at first on her role as "Cricket."

"I wanted to play sophisticated, seductive roles," she said, "but they said if I did I'd burn myself out by the time I was 25, and where would I be?"



CONNIE STEVENS, of "Hawaiian Eye," designs and wears straw hats that she says are the kind beachcombers would wear.

Pondering where she would be if this happened is one of Connie's grave problems. Another problem is her weight. Her agents say it is eight pounds more than it should be.

"I dieted," she said, "and I'm still taking pills. The pills give me a lot of excess energy, and it all seems to come out of my mouth as talk."

Getting rid of some of her verbal energy, Connie said earnestly the other day:

"I want to be a mother and a success. But I'm not even engaged yet. I want to save my money, but I don't want to be a piker. I don't need a fancy sports car and a lot of clothes, but I would like my family to know they can count on me."

Don't you feel sorry for those poor boys in "Hawaiian Eye" who have to keep some of Connie's energy bottled up for the show?

"THE Case of the New Hair Style" is not the title of a Perry Mason show, it's the explanation of the question televiewers are asking: "Why does Shirley Abicair look so different now?"



● ***Shirley, with beehive hairdo.***

Shirley came back to Australian TV recently in the Shirley Abicair Show (seen all over Australia at 6 p.m. Sundays). She charmed the women, disappointed men.

The men say she looks so different they don't recognise her till she sings. The women say she looks wonderful and ask for her picture. They want it to copy her hair style, a blonde beehive. (See picture, left.)

The men want Shirley to look the way she used to (see picture, right).

I agree with the men. I think Shirley looked nicer before the beehive. The simplicity of her long hair matched her singing and the folk songs much better than the sophisticated beehive that makes her look so worldly.



● ***Shirley, before beehive.***

Another thing the men want to know is "Where is that zither — the one that made her famous?" I hear it will figure in later shows. It should. It's a good gimmick.

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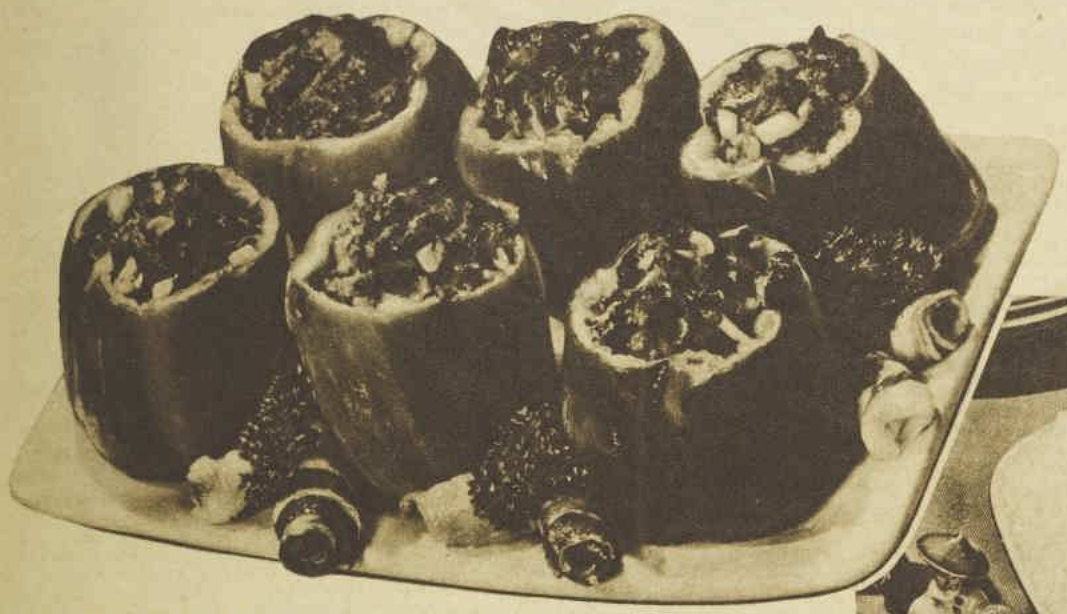
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BUDGET MEAT DISHES.

● Dishes made from mince can be just as attractive and delicious as the more expensive varieties of meat.



SAVOURY STEAK FILLING can be used to stuff hollowed egg-plant, marrow, onions, choko or cabbage. See recipe for stuffed peppers on this page.



ORIENTAL FLAVOR is given to these meat patties with chopped fresh ginger. Vary flavoring if desired with tomato, cheese, herbs or spices. See recipe for patties orientale.

BEEF, veal, pork and lamb can all be bought ready minced, and in this form are easily made into interesting and appetising dishes. Combined with such foods as rice, spaghetti and macaroni, they will be a substantial and nourishing meal for a family.

Here is a collection of mince recipes for you to try. Level spoon measurements are used in all of them.

CARIBBEAN PANCAKES.

One quantity pancake batter, 1lb. minced steak, 2 onions, 1 clove garlic, 2 tablespoons oil, 2 tablespoons finely chopped green pepper, 1 tin tomato soup, salt, pepper oregano.

Prepare pancake batter, set aside. Heat oil in pan, add one finely chopped onion and garlic, saute until soft and lightly colored. Add green pepper, cook until soft. Add minced steak to pan, continue frying until well browned. Drain off excess fat. Stir in ½ the soup, season and cover; simmer ½ hour or until meat mixture is cooked. Cook pancakes, lift out from pan, place little meat mixture on pancakes, roll up and arrange on serving dish, pour over the following sauce.

Sauce: Slice second onion, saute lightly in oil until softened; drain. Place remaining tomato soup, sauteed onion and pinch oregano in saucepan, season with salt, pepper. Stir over heat until thoroughly re-heated.

COMPANY CASSEROLE.

One large tin whole kernel corn (drained), 2 sliced onions, ½ cup breadcrumbs, 4 bacon rashers (rind removed), 3 chopped tomatoes, 1lb. minced steak, 1 tablespoon flour, ¼ cup stock, salt, pepper, ¼ teaspoon mixed herbs, extra ½ cup stock.

Combine corn, sliced onions, and breadcrumbs, place half in base of greased ovenproof dish. Chop and saute bacon in small pan until fat is transparent. Remove and drain; mix with chopped tomatoes and seasonings. Place half this mixture over corn. Combine minced steak, flour, stock, salt, pepper, and herbs in saucepan. Stir over heat until mixture changes color. Spoon half the meat into dish. Next add remaining tomato and bacon, then meat, lastly add remaining corn mixture. Pour over extra stock, cover and bake in a moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes. Serve hot.

SPANISH HAMBURGERS.

One and a half pounds minced steak, ¼ cup finely chopped stuffed olives, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, ¼ cup water, seasoned flour, 2 tablespoons fat or oil, 1 cup tomato puree, ½ cup water, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, salt, pepper, 6 green pepper rings, 6 onion slices, 6 lemon slices, extra sliced stuffed olives.

Combine minced steak, chopped olives, lemon rind, salt and pepper. Add water and mix. Form into 6 patties, coat with seasoned flour. Heat fat or oil in pan, add patties and brown all over. Arrange in heatproof dish. Combine tomato puree, water, Worcestershire sauce; season well with salt and pepper. Pour over patties, arrange slice of pepper, onion, and lemon on top of each pattie, sprinkle with extra slices of stuffed olive. Cover, bake in moderate oven 20 to 30 minutes. Serve hot, garnished with parsley.

PATTIES ORIENTALE.

One pound minced pork, 1 small egg, 1 clove garlic, minced, 1 teaspoon salt, pepper, 1 teaspoon chopped fresh ginger, 2 tablespoons oil, 1 onion, 1 green pepper, ½ cup sliced celery, ¼lb. mushrooms, 1 cup stock, soy sauce, 1 teaspoon cornflour blended with little water, 2 cups cooked rice.

Combine minced pork, egg, garlic, salt, pepper, and ginger. Form in small patties and fry in heated oil until browned all over. Remove, set aside. Add sliced onion and green pepper to same pan, cook until soft then add celery and sliced mushrooms. Cook a few minutes and add stock, soy sauce and blended cornflour. Stir until boiling, add meat patties, allow to heat through and serve with hot fluffy rice.

STUFFED PEPPERS.

Four or 5 capsicum peppers, 1lb. minced steak, 1 tablespoon oil, 2 tablespoons flour, salt, pepper, Worcestershire sauce, ½ cup stock or water, ½ cup chopped tomatoes.

Wash peppers, simmer in boiling water 5 minutes. Drain, cut slice off top of each and scoop out the seeds. Set aside. Add minced steak to heated oil in pan, stir well to separate and brown all over. Sprinkle over the flour then add seasonings and sauce as desired. Stir in the stock and tomatoes, cook for 5 minutes. Spoon into pepper cases, stand on a greased tin and place in moderate oven 15 minutes. Serve hot.

More recipes overleaf

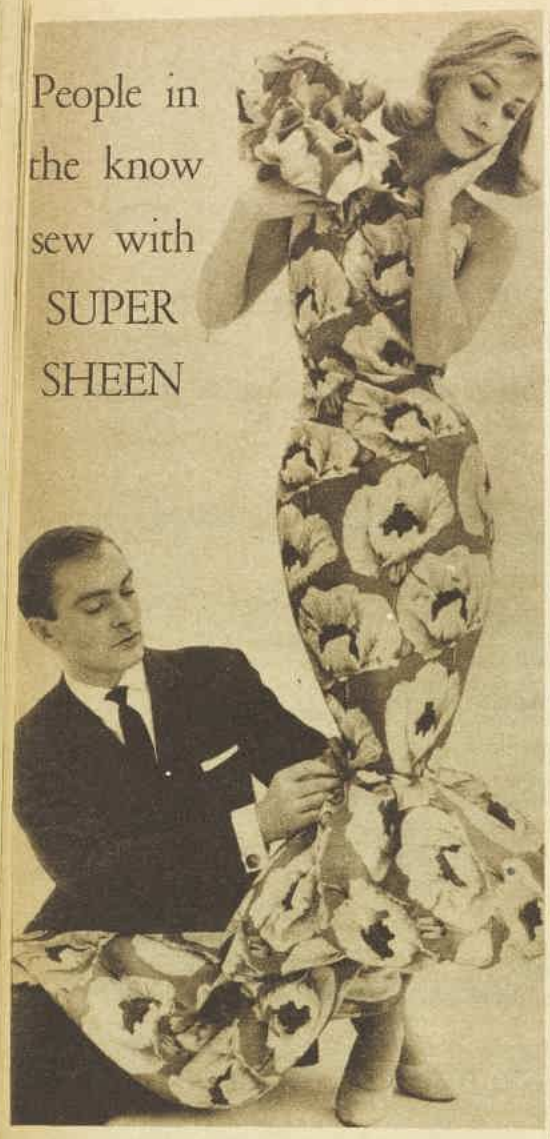


CARIBBEAN PANCAKES would be ideal to serve at a winter's supper round the fireside. Prepare the batter and savory filling ahead, then cook the pancakes, reheat mince and allow family or friends to fill and roll their own.



COMPANY CASSEROLE, an appetising layered dish for luncheon or dinner on chilly days. Substitute chopped mushrooms, green peas or beans, sliced carrots, or green pepper for the tomato layer as a variation.

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Casserole wins £5 recipe prize

● A casserole recipe wins the £5 prize for a Sydney reader in our cookery contest this week



SURPRISE CASSEROLE, the prizewinning recipe this week, is shown above in the new stainless steel oven-to-tableware. Recipe on this page.

LAMB cutlets and brains are combined in the prizewinning casserole with different sauces over a savory rice mixture.

All spoon measurements are level.

SURPRISE CASSEROLE.

One ounce butter or substitute, 1 cup rice, 2 cups stock, ½lb. mushrooms, 1 small onion, dash paprika, extra ¼ cup stock, ¼ cup grated cheese, 2 tablespoons oil, 4 or 6 lamb cutlets, 2 sets lamb brains (blanched), extra 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, ¼ cup white wine, 1 chopped tomato, salt and pepper.

Heat butter in pan, add rice, brown slightly. Add stock; cover and bake in moderate oven until cooked. Spoon on to serving dish, keep hot. Chop mushrooms and onion, mix with paprika, stock, and the following sauce:

Hollandaise Sauce: Two ounces butter, 2 egg-yolks, 1 tablespoon tarragon vinegar, salt, pepper.

Melt half the butter in double saucepan, gradually beat in egg-yolks and stir over heat until thickened. Remove, gradually add remaining butter and tarragon vinegar. Season. Spoon combined mixture over rice, sprinkle with cheese. Grill until browned. Keep hot.

Heat oil in pan, add cutlets and fry until cooked, remove. Add brains and fry until golden; remove. Pour off oil and melt butter in pan, add flour and parsley; mix well. Stir in wine, cook until thickened; simmer 2 minutes. Season.

Arrange cutlets and brains on top of dish. Sprinkle chopped tomato over cutlets and top each bone with a cutlet frill. Spoon sauce over brains.

First prize of £5 J. A. Zuercher, 358 Cleveland Street, Sydney.

BUDGET MEAT DISHES

Continued from previous page

GLAZED MEAT ROLL.

Two pounds finely minced beef, 2 cups soft breadcrumbs, 2 teaspoons salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, 2 tablespoons finely chopped onion, egg, 1/3 cup milk, ½ cup tomato sauce or puree, 1 tablespoon mustard, ½ cup tomato chutney, 1 teaspoon cornflour.

Place meat, breadcrumbs, salt, pepper, sauce, and onion in basin, mix well and add beaten egg and milk. Shape into loaf and wrap in aluminium foil or greasproof paper. Place in baking dish and cook in moderate oven 1¼ to 1½ hours. Combine tomato puree and chutney with the mustard and cornflour which has been blended with a little milk or water. Heat until boiling, stirring constantly and simmer 2 to 3 minutes. Spread over meat loaf and serve with vegetables in season. Extra flavors such as chili sauce, horseradish sauce, powdered oregano, crushed garlic, and chopped green and red peppers can be added if desired.

MOCK ROAST.

One and a half pounds minced veal steak, 1lb. pork sausage meat, 1 packet chicken soup, 2 onions, ½ teaspoon herbs, 1¼ cups soft breadcrumbs, 1 egg, salt, pepper, cooked vegetables.

Prepare soup according to directions on packet, but use only 1½ cups water. Combine with the meats, chopped onion, herbs, 1 cup breadcrumbs, beaten egg, salt and pepper. Allow to stand ½ hour, fill into greased ring-tin which has been coated with remaining crumbs. Bake in moderate oven 1 to 1¼ hours. Turn out, fill centre with cooked diced carrots, surrounded with cooked green peas and serve.

POTATO THATCHED LOAFETTES.

One pound minced veal, 1lb. minced steak, ½ cup grated cheese, 1 cup chopped tomatoes, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 cup rice breakfast cereal, 1 egg, salt, pepper, 2 cups hot mashed potatoes, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, little melted butter.

Combine minced veal and steak, add grated cheese, tomatoes, sauce and rice cereal. Mix in beaten egg, salt and pepper: press into oblong tin. Bake in moderate oven 1 hour. Remove, stand 5 minutes and cut into 4 or 5 bars. Spread mashed potato over each bar, sprinkle with parsley and butter, and return to oven for 10 minutes.

Note: For variation, one large loaf can be made and extra flavorings such as mustard and chopped celery, onion or bacon can be added to the potato coating.

New home planning centre in S.A.

●OUR new home planning centre, on the 2nd flour of John Martin's store in Adelaide is being opened officially by Mrs. Geoffrey Cooper, M.L.C., at 3 p.m. on Monday, May 23.

CLIENTS can relax in the bright, restful atmosphere and examine Home Plans at their leisure.

A qualified architect will be in attendance every afternoon. He can be consulted by appointment on any problems in connection with the design and construction of a house.

Our newly re-organised Home Planning Service is operating in liaison with the South Australian Institute of Architects' Small Homes Service. Clients can choose a suitable plan to meet their family's requirements from a growing library of about 200 various designs.

Director of the Adelaide Home Planning Centre is Mr. Ron Mutton, an English architect who came out to Australia five years ago.

Our Home Plans, which cost £10/10/- each, have been designed by qualified architects.

The Centres give advice on the requirements of the Building Act and local by-laws, sun control, heat insulation, sound insulation, and accoustic control. For the extent of the service available from Home Planning Centres, please see opposite page.

The Adelaide Centre will be open from 9 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. on week days and from 9 a.m. until 11.30 a.m. on Saturdays.



TV TROUPER

Vivacious little Janice Swandale, aged 3, of Croydon Park, South Australia, will be singing and dancing on children's TV sessions soon. Where does she get her energy? *She enjoys Vegemite every day.*

Vegemite — the *only* pure, concentrated yeast extract — is the richest food source of Vitamin B, which is *essential* for:

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Recently I met my doctor socially and he remarked how well I looked. I told him I was taking Menthoids and he replied, 'They certainly seem to be doing you good.'"

(Original letter in Head Office.)

That woman's success story could be yours, if you suffer rheumatism, fibrositis, backache or muscular aches and pains.

Don't suffer needlessly!

Get a flask of Menthoids from your Chemist or Store for 9/- (a month's supply), the economy size for 15/- (containing twice the quantity), or a trial size flask for 5/-.

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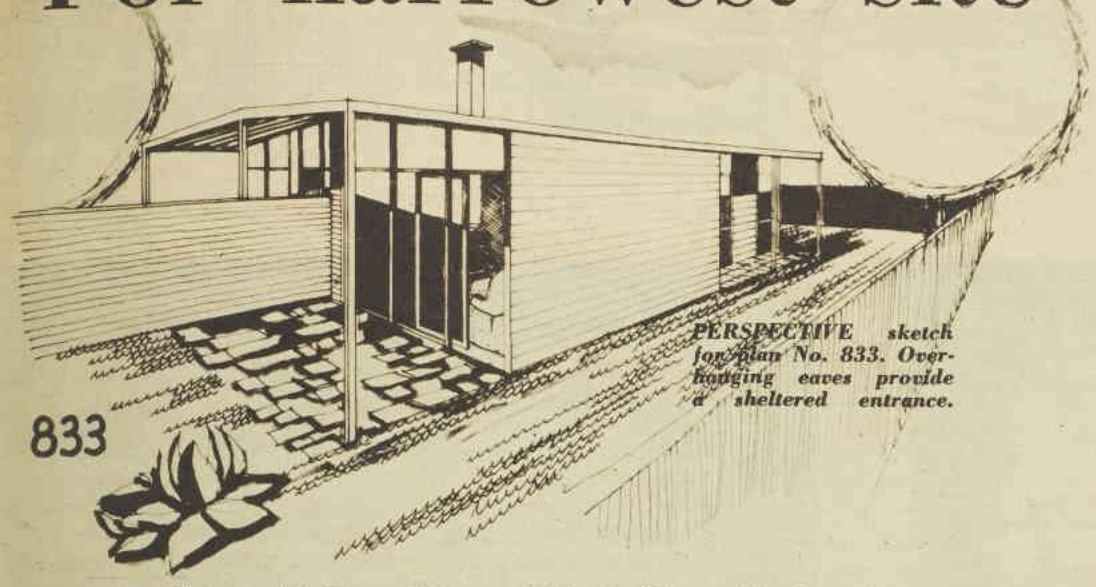
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For narrowest site



PERSPECTIVE sketch for plan No. 833. Overhanging eaves provide a sheltered entrance.

● This week's Home Plan could be built on a block as narrow as 37ft., and could be constructed in timber for as little as £3300. It has two bedrooms and its area is 9.96 squares.

IT has been designed for our Home Planning Service under the direction of Melbourne architects Kevin Borland and Geoff Trewenack.

Plans for this house cost £10/10/- a complete set from any of our Home Planning Centres, addresses of which are listed below right.

It has been designed to answer the great demand for a house for a narrow site.

If desired, the roof could be extended in front of the kitchen to form a carport.

There are three alternative ways of entering the house, which means it could be placed in various positions on the site. One way is through the kitchen, another is directly into the living-room, and the third way is the hall between the laundry and W.C.

The architects have used the extension of the house walls to divide the garden. Even though the living-room and kitchen may face the street, a private garden in front of the living-room could be formed by using high walls or fence.

The plan of the house, which is shown below, illustrates division of the home by a central ridge. On one side there are the living and sleeping areas, and on the other side the service rooms.

Eaves overhang the kitchen and living-room to provide a sheltered entry and outdoor living area.

This flexible plan can be expanded to include a third bedroom. The house can have a contemporary or orthodox finish, flat or pitched roof (not tiles), and it can be constructed in timber or brick. There are ample verandahs and covered areas.

Cost in timber is from £3300 to £3800, and in brick from £3500 to £4100. Area in timber is 9.96 squares, and in brick 10.8. Frontage is 42ft., and this would allow space for a drive down one side.

Home Plan No. 833 and numerous other Small Home Plans are available from any of our Home Planning Centres. Either call or write to your local Centre.

Selling Home Plans is only one of the many services provided by these Centres. Staffed with fully qualified personnel and under the direction of qualified architects, the Centres can help you with all your home building and decorating problems.

Modifications can be made to any plan. If drafting and printing are involved in these alterations, an extra charge is made.

All plans are available in mirror-reverse position.

For a small fee the Centres will arrange for an expert to inspect your site and advise as to the house most suited to the land, your family's requirements, and your budget.

When ordering a plan by mail, please state its number, whether the house is to be constructed in brick or timber, and the roofing material required. Please also state whether or not the site is sewered, and whether you want the plan as drawn or in the mirror-reverse position. Please enclose cheque, money order, or postal notes for the fee of £10/10/- for the plan.

Addresses of the Centres are:

TOOWOOMBA: Pigott's.

SYDNEY: Anthony Horderns'. (Please address all mail to this Centre to Home Plans, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.)

CANBERRA: Anthony Horderns'. (Please telephone J2311 to consult architect at this Centre.)

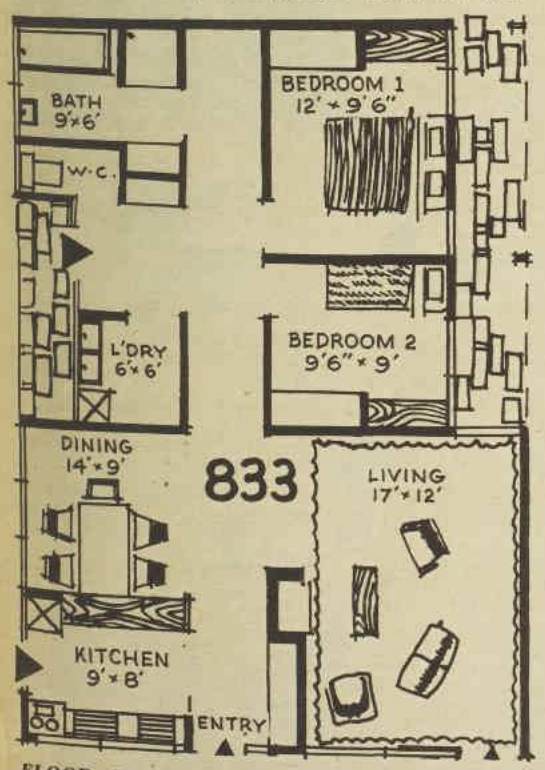
BRISBANE: McWhirter's.

MELBOURNE. The Myer Emporium.

GEELONG: The Myer Emporium. (Please telephone X6111 to consult architect at this Centre.)

ADELAIDE: John Martin's.

HOBART: FitzGerald's. (Please telephone 27221 to consult architect at this Centre.)



FLOOR PLAN for design No. 833. Spacious kitchen-dining-room makes for easy mealtimes and minimises work. There is a covered patio outside bedrooms. Living-room is 17ft. x 12ft.

FORTY NEW PLANS

NOW on sale at The Australian Women's Weekly Home Planning Centres and newsagents are two folders, each containing 20 Small Home Plans, costing 2/6.

For each plan there is a perspective sketch, floor plan, particulars of size and price, and general information.

The houses have two or three bedrooms and in many cases are capable of expansion.

If ordering by mail from the Home Planning Centres, please enclose a postal note for 2/11 for folders 1 or 2, or 5/8 for both folders.

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● *This three-page feature giving advice on making curtains is the second in our series in which Mildred Parrott, American sewing expert and director of home-decorating clinics, tells how to . . .*

SEW



Double Cafe Curtains

ARTIFICIAL cherries trim the double row of cafe curtains above. The cherries are pinned on, so it's easy to vary the decoration. Seashells (painted to match your walls) or small bouquets would look equally pretty.

Before making these curtains measure your windows, then buy enough fabric to cover window to desired length plus 5½in. for each top and 2½in. for each bottom hem. For fullness, allow twice window width plus 3in. (two 1½in. side hems) for each curtain. Ready-made pleating tapes with hooks and rings to fit can be bought.

Cut material into four equal pieces and press ½in. turn-under and 1in. hem down sides of curtains, then ½in. turn-under and 5in. facing fold at tops. Press ½in. turn-under and 2in. hem at bottoms. Machine up side and bottom hems. If your machine has a blind-hemmer, use this.

Sew ½in. turn-over for top facing, then fold down 5in. facing, wrong side out. Cut pleating tape into required number of sections (in curtains above there are five scallops and four groups of pinch-pleats, each with three pockets for hooks). Space sections of tape evenly across top facing and mark out with pencil or chalk the scallops between them, using small saucer or similar object as guide.



Stitch round deep scallops that will be between pleats, then cut them out, leaving ¼in. raw edge outside the stitching.

Turn the heading right side out and press. Cut additional one-pocket section of pleating tape for each end of each curtain. Stitch on pleating tape on its four edges, taking care that pockets are right side up and all raw edges turned under. Then slip hooks into pockets of tape. The hooks lock into place, automatically making even, sharp pleats. The rings on top of hooks slide on to cafe rod. Hooks and rings can be detached when you wash the curtains.

CUTTING the scallops (left).

SHOWER CURTAIN

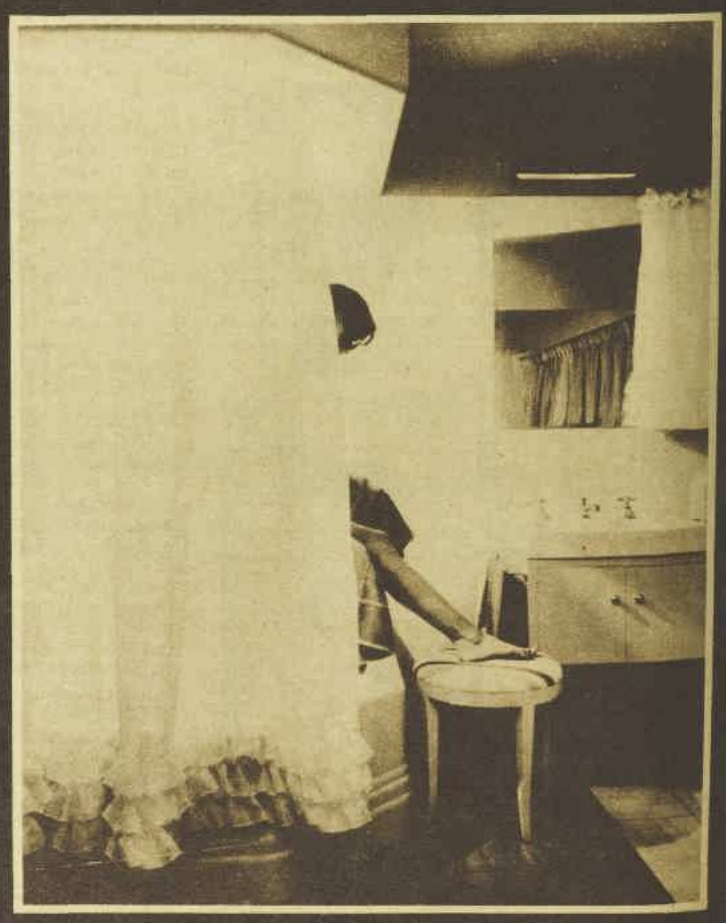
THE organdie shower curtain below looks luxurious, but it's practical as well as pretty. Just unhook it and wash it when it needs it.

You'll need 10yds. 36in. organdie, 5yds. 36in. clear plastic film for under-curtain, 2yds. weighted tape (or separate weights), 4yds. plastic shower curtain heading, 1 packet press studs, 1 reel nylon elastic thread, 2 reels sewing cotton.

First cut plastic film into two 2½yd. pieces and sew together along 2½yd. length. Sew on plastic heading along top. Fold up ¾in. for bottom hem and sew weights into place. For organdie over-curtain, cut three 2½yd. pieces and sew together at selvedge edges. Then sew 1in. hems down sides and across top and bottom.

To make ruffles, cut remaining organdie into 4in. strips on bias. Seam all strips together, then make ½in. turn-under on top and ¼in. hem at bottom. Divide strips into 4 equal pieces, three for bottom ruffles and one for curtain top. Shirr-stitch top of each piece with three rows of nylon elastic thread. Now evenly stitch three ruffles into tiers at bottom of curtain, leaving the fourth aside.

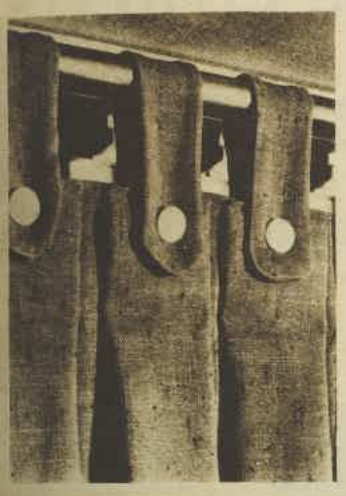
Baste plastic heading to wrong side of organdie top, gathering organdie carefully while basting. Baste the last ruffle to right side of organdie, with raw edge turned in, then stitch on through curtain and over heading. Sew on press-studs tops at equal distance down organdie curtain, then match and sew on press stud bottoms to plastic curtain. Finally, snap press studs together and hang up the two curtains, keeping them together so the matching headings go on same hooks.



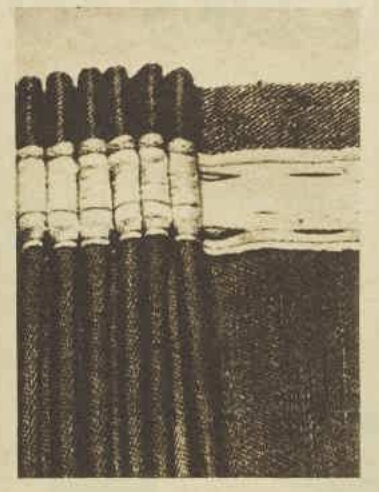
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for Your Home

By MILDRED PARROTT



BUTTON-ON TABS.



CARTRIDGE PLEATS.

Types of headings

THERE are many ways to head a curtain. Some are harder to do than others, but the heading that's most difficult to do isn't necessarily the prettiest one.

First consider the fabric and the room in which the curtain is to hang, then choose your type of heading. Three pretty types of heading are shown above and below.

Button-on Tabs: These are shown in the picture at left above, in which large buttons used on a tweedy fabric give a lovely tailored effect. The curtains shown are unlined, so the buttons go on both sides, making the curtains look pretty from outside as well as inside the room.

For each box-pleat, cut out two strips of material, one for the strap and the other for its facing. Stitch them together, leaving a small opening, then turn right side out and overcast the last few stitches by hand. Sew buttons on curtain pleats. Cut slits for buttonholes in the strips and bind them on your machine, or by hand. Button up strips to pleats, and the curtains are now ready to put on the rod. Flowered buttons look pretty on curtains for a girl's room. Leather buttons are handsome on curtains for library, study, or den.

Cartridge Pleats: These are shown at right above. They are easy to make with shirring tape, which is bought ready-made and can be used on almost any furnishing fabric that has to be gathered. The tape has strings woven through it, and has only to be sewn on the curtain top. The strings are pulled, thus forming cartridge pleats in the curtain fabric. Hooks are inserted in the cords for hanging the curtains on a rod, or split rings can be used instead. For cafe curtains, rings are then inserted into the hooks. This type of shirring tape is excellent for making ruched curtains and blinds in any of the filmy fabrics such as organdie, voile, marquisette, and terylene.

Self Loops: These loops, shown at right, start out the same way, when being made, as the pleated headings of the cafe curtains on the opposite page. But the scallops for self-loops are longer and more pointed than on the cafe curtains. When they lie flat, these scallops look more like squared-off hourglasses. This is done so fronts of loops match backs of loops. Simply turn hems of loops and tack them back on themselves. This type of heading is best in a fabric that has some body to it, and for a room in which you want the heading to be rather unobtrusive.



SELF LOOPS (right).

Curtains for style

CURTAINS are very versatile. They can do so many things for so many different types of rooms, and in so many wonderful ways.

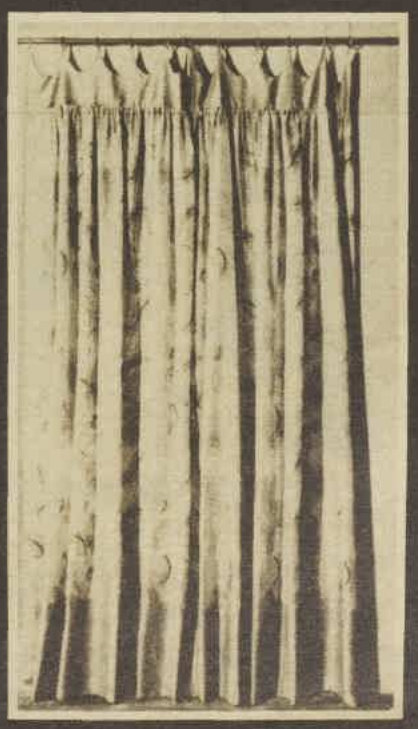
The curtains in the picture immediately below make the room look really elegant. The centre curtains are of organdie trimmed with a series of graduated tucks. To make the tucks, the bottom and top hems of the organdie were sewn first, then, working on the right side of the fabric, the tucks were measured (each should decrease ½in. in size over its predecessor, and there should be 2in. between each tuck). Each tuck was pinned in place, basted, and then pressed before being machined. After sewing, each tuck was pressed again so the 2in. measurement was correct.

Who would guess that the heavy white drapes at each side of the organdie curtains and their smart striped trimmings are made of sailcloth? Sailcloth is inexpensive, but it looks wonderful combined with the organdie.



LOOK at the floor-length cafe curtains at right. They are a very good example of the way pretty curtains can transform an ugly or unused part of a room. These curtains conceal an old-fashioned doorway where there just wasn't room for the swing of the door. So the door was removed and up went the cafe curtains instead. And although they are cafe curtains, the use of a different fabric at the top and bottom gives a lavish look to an unusual setting. It also gives a practical idea for using up odd lengths of plain material left over from other curtains and for obtaining the necessary length for floor curtains when you haven't got quite enough figured material. For the top scallops cut the plain material as shown in the directions for the cafe curtains on the opposite page.

• How to make ruched curtains, page 45.



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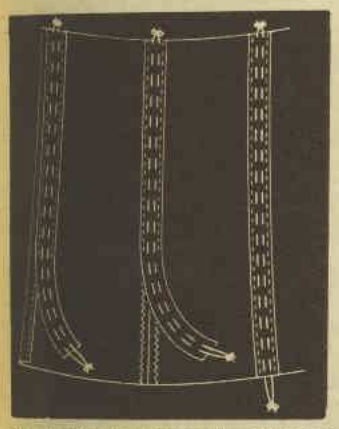
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SEW for Your Home

Popular ruched curtains give windows an elegant look

THESE curtains can be of almost any lightweight fabric, such as voile, organdie, terylene, or marquisette. To calculate the amount of fabric required, triple the length the curtain is to be, and for the width, add 4¼in. extra for each outside strip, and 2½in. extra for each of the inside shirred strips.



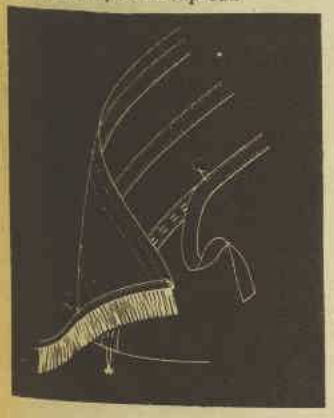


CUTTING AND STITCHING THE STRIPS

● Cut each strip to the triple length, but be sure to taper it 1½in. at the top. Stitch the strips together, using ½in. seams. Now press them firmly so they will stay open.

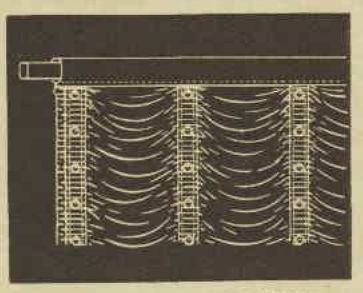
Take some of the shirring tape that is shown on the opening pages of this sewing feature, and baste a piece over the centre of each inside seam. If you're an expert at curtain-making, you need not baste but can stitch the tape on.

For the outside strips, turn a 1in. hem and then baste and stitch on the tape 1in. from the edge, at each side. Be sure to keep the cords in the tape knotted so they don't slip out.



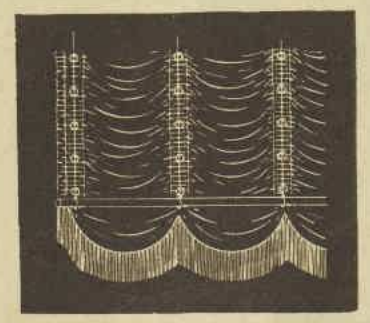
ATTACHING THE FACING

● Sew a narrow facing over each length of the tape on the wrong side. Turn the bottom edge of the curtain back on to its right side for ½in. and sew on fringe. The fringe will add an extra elegant touch to the curtain.



ANCHORING THE ROLLER

● At the top of the curtain make a 2in. hem that will hold the roller. If you've chosen a very sheer fabric you'll have to face the hem with sateen or some other strong material so the curtain won't pull off the roller. Insert the roller now. It should be a piece of board ½in. thick. Put the roller into the window fixture temporarily so you can pull up the cords in the tape to the height you want the curtain to be. Knot the cords and cut off the ends. Take the curtain down and on the wrong side sew small plastic rings 3in. apart on each row of the tape from top to bottom of curtain.

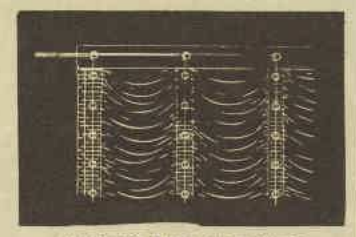


MAKING THE BOTTOM ROD

(See diagram at left below)

● Cut a strip of firm material that will be 2in. wider than the curtain and 2in. deep. Make a ½in. seam lengthwise along the fabric. Now turn the fabric inside out and insert a heavy ¼in. rod. The rod can be brass or iron, cut to the width of the finished curtain. Turn in the ends of the fabric and tack them down the inside seam.

At the centre of each strip of tape, at the back of the curtain, pin the covered rod at the bottom of each of the rows of tape. Tie one end of traverse rod cord to the rod at the centre of each tape. Sew the casing of the rod firmly where you pinned it.



LACING THE CURTAIN

● Fasten small screw-eyes into the back of the board or roller at the top of the curtain. Each screw-eye will be exactly above the last ring in each row of tape. Now pull each traverse cord all the way up from the rod, through each plastic ring, and through its corresponding screw-eye. Then pull all the cords to the left, so they will be at the right of the window when the curtain is turned the right way round.

Put up the curtain and put all those cords through a screw-eye at the upper right-hand corner of the window. Pull and adjust all the cords until curtain runs evenly. Knot cords together, finish them off with heavy tassel.

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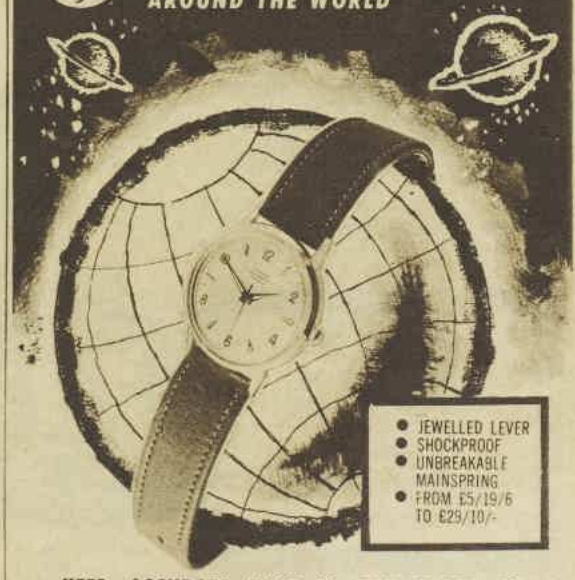
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Continuing . . .

SHADOW OF GUILT

from page 19

things and they'd find out and . . . and then they'd be sure."

"Sure? Of what?" I said.

"Sure I'm a juvenile delinquent," she said, "a glorious example of an overprivileged delinquent, just the sort of spoiled brat to shoot her man because he done her wrong."

She said that with a bitterness which was almost rough, a tone which was utterly unlike anything I connected with Ala.

I said, "You mean because you spent the night with Don in that motel? They already know that."

"But they don't know I'm what you might call a second offender. You don't know, either. You weren't even here. You were off somewhere on one of your business trips. Where was it? About this time last year, South America?"

"Last year when I was in Brazil?"

"That's it, I guess." There was a pack of cigarettes by the bed. She took a cigarette and lit it with a hand that was shaking slightly.

"When you came home I wanted to tell you," she said. "I thought, maybe, you'd understand a bit, but Connie wouldn't let me. She made me swear never to mention it to a soul."

"Connie was in this, too?

"Up to the neck — descending like a goddess from the heavens, hurtling south in her high-speed car to rescue her prodigal baby daughter — her prodigal baby daughter."

THE bitterness in her voice had an even sharper edge. "And it was all her fault as much as mine. If you knew what it was like, being eighteen, and having her treat me as if I were an idiot child of twelve.

"And not only that. There was Chuck, too — always Chuck. She'd never for a single minute stop promoting Chuck. 'Chuck's coming to dinner tonight.' 'I bought two tickets for the theatre tonight. I thought you and Chuck might like to go.'

"All I wanted was to be left alone, to try to find out about living for myself. And then there was this party. It was in the Village. Needless to say, I wasn't supposed to be there. You know how Connie feels about the Village. But I'd wangled it and I met Gene."

"Who's Gene?"

"You've never even heard of him, have you? Well, he wasn't anything much, just a typical Village character, I suppose. But he was charming, amusing, all the things Connie had always taught me were shoddy, superficial, unCorliss.

"That was enough to make him seem fascinating. I knew he had a wife and that they were separated, but that didn't make any difference because — well, it wasn't anything serious. He'd take me out to lunch. If I could sneak out at night we'd go dancing in the Village. It was just frivolous, just fun — someone I'd found for myself, someone that made me feel grown up."

She flicked ash from the cigarette on to a tray. "And then a chance for a weekend came up. He had some friends near Richmond. They'd heard about me. He thought I'd like them. That was all. It was just a weekend with his friends and, well, I made up some excuse for Connie and we drove south.

"When we got there it was fine, wonderful.

"For the first time in my life, I felt I was really doing something on my own. Then suddenly it was all ghastly because Gene's wife showed up. Some people in New York had told her Gene had taken me there. She was wild with jealousy. She had a gun. It went off. I don't quite know how, but it did and it shot the wife in the arm. Some neighbors heard the shot and called the police. We were all hauled off to gaol. Gene was hopeless; he just collapsed; he was pretty much of a heel anyway."

She shivered. "I was terrified. I didn't know what to do. Finally, in despair, I called Connie. She came, of course. She came galloping to save me. She got it all hushed up, she got me home—and, of course, she'd finally got me where she wanted me, too."

She stubbed the cigarette in the ashtray. "She's incredible, really. There wasn't a single word of reproof. Now I would see how she'd always been right. In future I'd be a reformed character and worthy to be a lovely, contrite bride for Chuck.

"So from then on I played it her way. I knew I'd have to marry Chuck and try to be a good wife. But, as Connie would say, I'll never learn, will I? Don came along and there I was, all starry-eyed, all ready to be me again."

She looked straight at me, her mouth twisted in a pale little self-mocking smile.

There were so many things for me to feel, amazement that all this could have happened without my having the slightest suspicion, understanding of the deadlock between Ala and Connie which had made something like this episode and the Saxby episode almost inevitable, and deep sympathy, too for Ala whose pathetic, if shabby, attempts at independence had had such disastrous results.

But, most of all, what I felt was indignation against Connie. Why, in heaven's name, hadn't she told me? If she'd told me, I'd never for an instant have let the Saxby thing get started.

But, oh no, Connie believed in handling things herself. Drive south, pay off the cops, hush things up. The wedding must go on. Of course it must. Nothing must stop the wedding, her wedding. And then, when Saxby appeared on the scene . . . handle that too. Make a fuss, try and stop Ala seeing him, but don't tell George.

"George." Ala's voice came through to me. "You do see, don't you? They never knew who was actually holding the gun when it went off. It could have been me. Certainly they'd say it was me, wouldn't they?

"I mean, if they knew I was at Don's, if they arrest me . . ."

"I wouldn't have a chance."

I looked back at her, thinking again of the only thing that mattered at the moment—Lieutenant Trant.

"No," I said. "I guess you wouldn't have a chance."

"Then you won't tell?"

"No. Not now. We'll have to think of some other way for helping Chuck."

"Oh, George, if you knew how terrified I've been." She threw her arms around my neck. "When I saw Don lying there it was Richmond again, only much, much worse.

"Oh, it's terrible about Chuck. I know it's all my fault he's arrested. I know I ought to tell and—and let him go free. But I can't. I just can't . . . George, please, please, don't think I'm too awful."

I held her very tight in my arms. Her young body, under the white pyjamas, was trembling. Poor kid, I thought, what ever she might have deserved she hadn't deserved this.

"It's Connie," she was babbling. "It's all Connie.

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didn't want to be wild. If only she'd trusted me, if only she'd let me feel I had a soul of my own, I'd — I'd have loved Chuck. But . . ."

The door opened then. Ala jumped away from me. I swung around on the bed. Connie, in a long pink wrapper, was moving into the room, looking as if Ala had conjured her up in her own image of her as "The Boss Lady."

"George," she said, "do you mind if I talk to Ala alone?"

"No." Ala, staring at her, was instantly ready with her defiance. "George, please, whatever she wants to say — stay."

"You mean that?" said Connie.

"Of course I do."

"All right. It's probably just as well, anyway."

For a long moment my wife stood by the bed, watching Ala with a weary resignation.

"I was hoping it wouldn't be necessary to bring this up. Even when they arrested Chuck I tried to fool myself that there must be some other way. But there isn't. I see it now. After the horrors of last night—well, I've decided and that's that."

She paused. "On Sunday afternoon around four I went up to Ala's room. I thought she might have woken up, but I didn't want to disturb her if she was still sleeping. I tried the door. It was locked, but the key wasn't in the lock. I looked through the keyhole. I could see the bed and she wasn't in it. I started banging on the door. I banged for about five minutes. I knew then, of course, that she couldn't be there, she'd locked the door and slipped out."

She turned back to Ala and her face was implacable, the face of the Goddess of Justice. "I knew you'd gone to Don's. But at the time it didn't seem to matter much.

"In fact, I decided it was probably best for you to go to him and have it out in your own way, and if you wanted to be secretive about it that was all right, too. If you'd stayed away long I'd have come after you, but you came back right after George and it seemed all right — until, of course, I heard that Don was dead."

She paused again. "You can imagine what I felt then. I knew I ought to challenge you, but I couldn't. I suppose I was scared. I didn't want to know the truth. If she needs me, I thought, she'll come to me. I left it at that.

"Then they arrested Chuck and you still didn't say anything. I couldn't believe it. It didn't seem possible that you could let them arrest him and just stand by doing nothing. But you did, didn't you? It was the same old thing again—Ala saving her own skin."

She gave the faintest shrug of her shoulders.

"I've done my best for you. You can't say I haven't been protecting you to the point of idiocy. But that's all over now. When Lieutenant Trant comes this morning you're going to tell him. You understand? Whatever you did, whatever wretched mess you've got yourself into, you're going to tell Lieutenant Trant everything. If you don't, I will."

Ala was sitting on the bed with her back against the wall, looking at Connie as if she were her doom.

"Well," said Connie, "you might as well admit it now. You did go to Don's, didn't you?"

I knew it would be absurd, worse than absurd to lie to her any more. Surely Ala must realise it, too. I stood looking at her, waiting for her to

from page 46

speak for herself, but she didn't.

Well, I thought, here it comes.

"You're right, Connie," I said. "She was there."

"George!" cried Ala.

"It's no good now, Ala. You've got to see that. She was there, Connie. And so was I. I found her there. Saxby was dead. She hadn't killed him. She'd just let herself in with keys he'd given her and discovered him dead. I got her away."

Connies mouth was so tight that she seemed to have no lips at all.

"You actually knew she was there? You saw her there in the apartment with the body—and you didn't tell? Not even after Chuck was arrested? Didn't it occur to you that there might have been something you didn't even notice which could have given Trant a clue—something which could have saved Chuck."

"There was something," I said.

I told Connie about the martini.

When I was through she said, "And it was only last night you realised the spilled drink could save Chuck?"

"Yes."

"But the moment you'd thought of it, you knew you'd have to tell Trant."

Connie said that without the slightest indication of a query in her tone. It was a statement, letting me know that, from her point of view, no one but a monster could have made any other decision.

I did look at Ala then. The blindness in her eyes was utterly denying me.

I said, "We can't tell Trant."

"Can't?"

"Not possibly. You must see that more than anyone. Ala's just let me know about Richmond."

I'd thought that might soften her, but it didn't.

"All right. So you know about Richmond. What difference does that make?"

"What difference? Once they let Chuck go, they'll arrest Ala. They'll have all the evidence in the world against her. And when, on top of everything else, they find out she was involved with the shooting of another man's wife . . ."

"Well, she was involved, wasn't she? It happened. She let it happen. No one made her go off with that man, any more than anyone made her

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Continuing . . . SHADOW OF GUILT

FROM THE BIBLE

● ***"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."***
— John 6.37.

The crowd had come searching for Jesus, anxious to hear more of His teachings and to ask questions as they tried to understand Him. Jesus assures them that no matter who comes to Him, without exception or condition, He will receive them, and under no circumstances cast them out of His kingdom.

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Continuing . . . SHADOW OF GUILT

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go off with Don Saxby. There's a limit, isn't there?"

Connie's voice was rasping now with bitterness. "Protect them. That's what they say. Protect the rotten people. Stand up for them, cover up for them, understand them, straighten them out. It isn't their fault. Oh, no, something went wrong. If an eighteen-year-old girl lies to her family, sneaks off with a married man . . .

"If that same girl, only a year later when she's about to marry as fine a boy as she'll ever meet, sneaks off again with a shoddy criminal blackmailer who gets himself murdered . . . protect her!"

She swung back at Ala, glaring down at her. "The time's come to protect the good people, the innocent people for a change. If you think you can't face what you've brought on yourself, then that's too bad, because you're going to have to face it. If you don't tell Lieutenant Trant and if George doesn't—then I will."

For a moment she stood swinging her contempt at us like a sword.

Then, with a toss of her head, she started towards the door.

"Connie," I called.

"There's nothing more to say."

"Oh, isn't there?" It was Ala who suddenly spoke. The fierce challenge of her voice made Connie turn back.

Ala got off to bed. For one second she flashed a glance at me. It repudiated all connection with someone who had betrayed her.

"Okay, Connie," she said, 'you're going to tell Trant, are you?"

Connie didn't speak

"All right," said Ala. "Tell him. It'll be lovely for all of us. Lovely for you, too. Maybe loveliest of all for you."

Still Connie said nothing, and the antagonism in the atmosphere was suffocating.

"You see, there's one thing you forgot to ask George, isn't there? He came there to Don's. He heroically got me away. All right. But why was it George? How do you think he happened to get there? I'll tell you.

"When I was at Don's, when I found him dead, when I was in a panic of terror, who was there for me to turn to for help? You? Do you think I was going to give you another chance to be smug and noble?

Don't make me laugh. There was only *one person* I could think of — only one person I could trust to be kind, to be human — Mrs. Lord. She was the one I called from Don's—and George was the one who came because he was there with her.

"And do you know why he was there? He was there the way I went off with Gene and with Don Saxby.

"That's something for you to tell Trant, too. Dear Lieutenant Trant, I've managed to turn my daughter into a juvenile delinquent. But that's not all. Oh, no, I've achieved something far more brilliant than that. I've driven my husband into keeping his dear little secretary in a love nest."

She spun around to me. She was smiling, but it was more a grimace than a smile, a grimace of loathing for herself, for me, for all the world.

"Don Saxby told me all about it when we were driving up to Massachusetts. He caught them kissing in a restaurant. And George admitted it, Don said. George told him it had been going on for months and months. I — I wasn't going to tell. I thought it was fine. Good for George, I thought. Get a little warmth; that's what we all need around Consuelo Corliss, a little warmth.

"But . . . but if you're going to tell Trant about me, all right, tell him. But, while you're about it, you might as well tell the world about you, too: what a ridiculous, pitiful, unwanted object you are."

She threw up her hands to cover her face, to cover the dreadful grin. Then she ran to the bed and flung herself down on it, sobbing.

It had happened at last, in the way I had least expected, in the most humiliating way that it could have happened.

To blame Ala would be pointless. She'd been pushed to her breaking-point. This, I supposed, had seemed the only weapon left with which to defend herself.

And Connie . . .?

She was still standing as she had been standing before. Her face still wore the same glacial dignity, but there was a difference, a deadening as if, behind the flawless facade, she was empty.

"Connie . . ." I began.

She turned away from me, the skirt of her long robe swirling around her. She went out of the room.

Ala was still sobbing. I patted her shoulder.

"It's okay," I said. "I guess you had to say it."

I found Connie in our room. She was sitting, as she always sat in the mornings, in front of her dressing-table, in front of all the bottles and jars, brushing her hair.

I could see myself in the mirror, standing behind her reflected face. Mirrors, I thought. I was always seeing myself in mirrors . . . Eve and me, Connie and me—as if we had lost our reality and had become insubstantial.

Now, knowing I had to face what I'd avoided for so long, I felt the pain, the jitters, but a sort of liberating relief as well.

"Connie," I said, "I'd have given anything for it not to have happened this way."

She went on brushing.

"Things usually come out eventually," she said.

"We were going to wait. We had it all planned to wait until Ala was married and — and then to tell you and let you decide how you wanted it handled. Then this came, all the complications. Eve was ready to call it quits, to go away. She couldn't face the scandal for you. She . . . Oh, I wish I could explain."

For a moment Connie's hand with the brush was still.

"I don't see what you have to explain," she said. "It's nothing very unusual, is it? Thousands of husbands get tired of their wives after twelve years. Wives can be very dull."

"It isn't that," I said. "You know it isn't. You're wonderful. Everyone knows how wonderful you are. It's just that I'm not wonderful, I'm just not in your league. I'm just a guy with all the human failings that don't come with a Corliss. And with Eve . . . well, it doesn't matter. Eve's nothing in particular, either."

"Then you definitely do want to marry her?"

Connie's voice was as flat and impersonal as if she'd asked whether I definitely wanted to wear my grey suit to the office that day. Her hand had started to hover over the jars. That so very familiar habit of uncertainty, coming together with the magnificent certainty of her self-control, suddenly made her human again, throwing me off balance.

"Yes," I said.

The long, beautiful hand selected a jar.

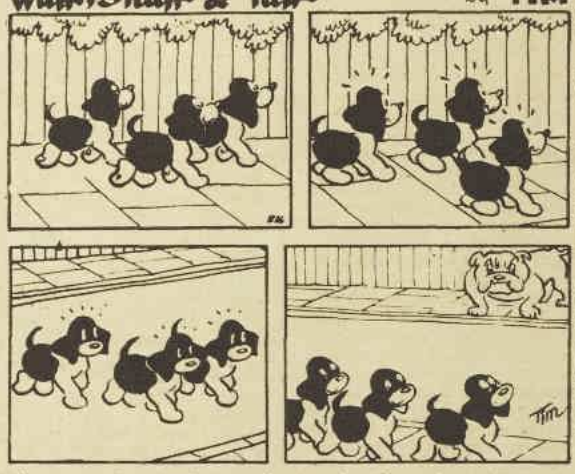
"Then I hope you'll be very happy."

"Connie!" I said. "Connie, for pity's sake . . ."

To *page 50*

FOR THE CHILDREN

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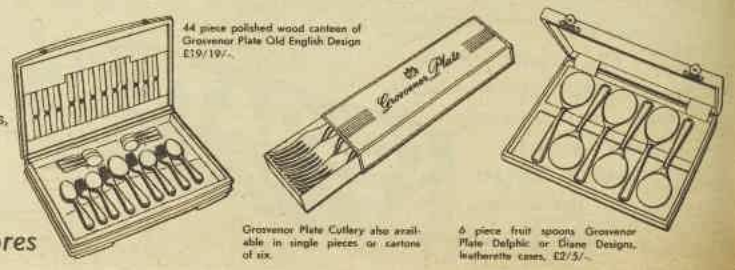
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Continuing . . . SHADOW OF GUILT

from page 48

She did turn then on the stool, the jar of cream in her hand. "What's for pity's sake about it?"

"Can't you see? We've driven ourselves half out of our minds about this. And then, when I tell you, all you say is— I hope you'll be happy."

"I'm sorry. Isn't that the right thing to say? There isn't much else to say, is there? It isn't exactly the moment to be discussing our marriage or rather our lack of marriage, anyway, is it? With Chuck in gaol? With Lieutenant Trant coming any minute?"

Her fingers went into the jar and came out, smoothing the cream over her face.

"Don't tell him about Ala," I said.

She looked at me squarely. "If all this comes out about Mrs. Lord, Lew isn't going to like it, is he? You know how stuffy he is about scandal. You don't suppose he'd fire you, do you?"

"Who knows?" I said. "Who cares?"

"Perhaps," she said, rubbing the last of the cream in, "if I go to him and explain, that'll help."

"Help!" I said. "Do you think under the circumstances I expect help from you?"

"Why not?"

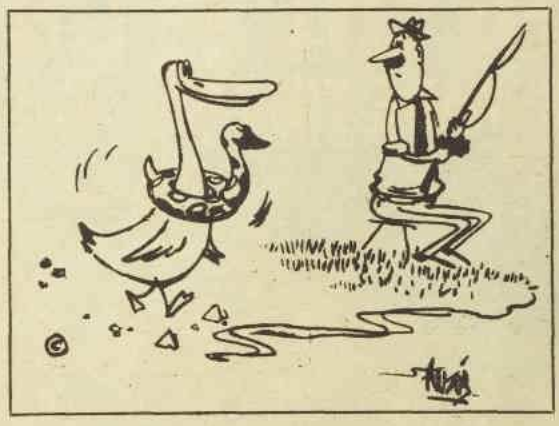
"Why not?" I was filled with rage, rage that came not from that moment but from the years in which I'd refused to admit there was any cause for rage. "Do you want to supervise the divorce, too? Do you want to turn it into another of your projects like this house, like Ala's marriage, like taking Miss Taylor to the Philharmonic, because you insist she's so fond of music?"

She put down the jar. She got up. The icyness of her control had melted. She was watching me with a sort of tormented bewilderment.

"What is it? I don't understand. You say you want a divorce. All right. I say you can have a divorce — and I hope you'll be happy and if I can help with Lew I'll help. What's wrong with that? All I ever try to do is the right thing. It's the same with Ala. I try to do the right thing— and what happens? She only hates me for it.

"And you . . . My projects, you say? My project of Ala's marriage. Did you want me to leave her rotting in that Richmond gaol?

"And what do you mean about this house? What's wrong with this house? Didn't you want to live in it? If you didn't, why didn't you tell me? If everything I do annoys you, why didn't you let me know? I could have changed. If only you'd said what you wanted, I . . ."



Suddenly there was rage in her, too. "I could change! What am I saying? I've changed already. I've changed all right, and see how you like it — you and Ala. You've both of you always done everything you wanted to. That's always been your philosophy.

"If anything goes wrong there's always Connie to pick up the pieces. Well, all that's changed now. You can take care of yourselves from now on. And if Ala thinks I'm going to pick up her pieces at the expense of Chuck . . ."

There was a knock—a timid, tentative knock. Then the door opened and Ala came in. She was still in her pyjamas. She closed the door behind her and took a step into the room, pausing on the edge of the carpet. The traces of tears were still on her face.

"I'm sorry," she said. "That's why I've come — to say I'm sorry. And, George, please tell Mrs. Lord how sorry I am, too. I didn't have any right to say that. I don't even expect it's true."

Impulsively she turned to Connie.

"And that's not all. There's something else. Just now you called me rotten and you're right. I can see now. I can see what a monster I've been to Chuck. When he thought he could help me by not talking, he risked his own neck just for me. And now . . . now when I could help him . . ."

She made a little gesture with her hand. "It's because I was scared. But that doesn't matter. When the Lieutenant comes I'm going to tell him everything. And I won't say anything about George and Mrs. Lord. I'll say I went there alone. I can explain about the drink on the shirt just as well as George."

In the first second when she said that I'd felt only incredulity, then, as I saw the determination on her face, the incredulity merged into a huge, warm pride. I had been right. Ala had the courage after all.

But she wasn't looking at me. I wasn't in this, I knew. This was something far more basic, something between Connie and her.

"I'm sorry, Connie. I don't know why I've always been so beastly to you. You've done so much for me, protecting me, always protecting me. I don't understand what's been the matter with me, but . . . I'm sorry."

I glanced at Connie, hoping and praying she would be big enough to accept this.

There was a look of wonderment on her face. For a moment she didn't speak.

Then she said, "You really mean it? This is your decision?"

"It's my decision."

"You know what it involves?"

"Of course I know."

Suddenly Connie's face crumpled. She ran to Ala and took her in her arms.

"No," she said. "Ala, Ala, dear, I can't let you. I can't think how I ever suggested it. I was mad. I was half out of my mind with worry about Chuck. We'll do something. We'll find some other way."

"There isn't any other way," said Ala. "Not for me."

"But, Ala, baby . . ."

"Don't worry, Connie. Please. I'll be all right."

Ala's arm was around Connie's shoulder. She was looking at her with a serene, almost maternal watchfulness. Reversing everything I'd ever thought was possible between them, it was Ala who was comforting Connie.

And, ironically, just at the moment when I'd made my final break from them, I felt what I hadn't felt in years — the basic, deep - in - the - blood, deeper - even - than - reason -

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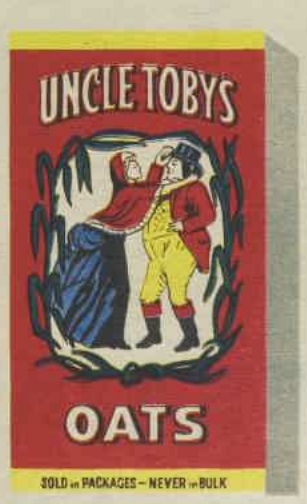
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Continuing . . .

SHADOW OF GUILT

from page 50

or-affection tie of The Family.

We were all three of us waiting in the library when Trant arrived.

In the first instant he came across the threshold I saw a glimpse of someone behind him, but all my attention was for Trant, his familiar smile almost a beam.

"Good-morning," he said. "For a change I think you're going to be pleased to see me."

He glanced over his shoulder. "Come on in," he called. Chuck hurried into the room.

For a moment we all stared.

"Chuck!" gasped Ala.

"It's okay, Connie," he said. "Everything's fine. They've let me go."

HE grinned at Trant, then he turned to Ala, the grin fading into a shy, tentative smile. "Hi, Ala."

Trant took out a cigarette-case. He opened it, selected a cigarette.

"As I told you last night, Mr. Hadley, it was all a question of the time of death. Right after I spoke to you I went to see the woman who lives on Saxby's floor. She'd been away when I'd tried her before, but she'd come back.

"She was, in fact, just about to get in touch with me."

He lit the cigarette, watching us all with quiet benignity. "On Sunday she'd been right here in New York having lunch with friends. She got back to 54th Street at exactly three twenty-five. The taxi-driver asked her the time when she paid the fare. She passed his door on the way to her own apartment.

"She knew Saxby well enough to recognise his voice, and she heard him. She's perfectly sure of that, too. He was in the apartment talking very loudly as if he were quarrelling with someone. She didn't hear any other voice, because she was only there a second before she went down the hall to her own apartment. A few moments after she'd got there she heard what she thought was backfiring in the street.

"As it turned out, the evidence is as exact as any evidence can be. Don Saxby was alive at three twenty-five and he was shot at three-thirty. By three-thirty Chuck had been at the Red Bear for almost an hour."

Thanks to this staggering piece of good fortune, there was no need for Ala's great gesture after all. Miraculously we had been saved.

Ala ran to Chuck.

"Chuck, Chuck, darling . . ."

"Ala."

"It's so wonderful. I can hardly believe it. Oh, Chuck, I'm so sorry. It's all my fault. I've been such a monster. But—but I would have helped. I swear it . . ."

"Ala, baby, it's okay."

"But . . ."

"It's okay," I said.

His arm was around her. "Are you crazy, trying to blame yourself? I was the one who did it, wasn't I? I was the dumb jerk."

"But, Chuck, if you knew . . ."

"I know all that matters. I know you're you. That's all I ever wanted."

Trant had been watching them with an indulgent "youth - youth" expression. At this point he said, "I guess you two kids have quite a lot to say to each other. Why don't you go off for a while — and relax."

Ala turned to him incredulously. "You don't want to—to ask me anything?"

"Not at the moment."

"Oh, thank you, thank you."

Ala grabbed Chuck's hand, they hurried out of the room.

"Well," said Trant, the moment the door had closed behind them, "that's very pleasant, but I'm afraid it's only a beginning for me. Chuck's been eliminated as a suspect."

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but that doesn't eliminate the murder, does it?"

His voice couldn't have been more friendly, but it brought its intended chill.

With elaborate politeness he said, "Do you think we could sit down, Mrs. Hadley?"

"But—but, of course."

He waited until Connie and I were seated, then he chose the same leather chair he had taken before.

"Well, Mrs. Hadley, now we know something about Don Saxby's past record. A man like Saxby will always be very murder-prone. Any number of people in Oregon, San Francisco, Quebec, Toronto, even New York at some time or other must have been very eager to get at him with a gun.

"But, as I tried to tell Mr. Hadley last night, the D.A. isn't apt to be too interested in abstract theories. Last night he was convinced from the evidence that Chuck was guilty, and even now when Chuck's alibi has shown up, he's still more interested in the present than in any lurid past. And the present, I'm afraid—is the Hadley family, isn't it?"

He looked down at his hands. "Which is my kind of round-about introduction to the fact that what the D.A. is most concerned about at the moment is your alibis . . . alibis for the two of you and Miss Hadley.

"Since we know quite definitely that Saxby was killed at three-thirty, it shouldn't be too difficult to clear this up and, once we've done so, that'll put you out of the picture, won't it? And the D.A. can start getting interested in — well, shall we say the person who actually killed Saxby?"

His amiability had never been so silken. Everything today was the D.A. That was his new gimmick, his new device for making himself seem absolutely harmless, a mere underling, and a sympathetic underling at that, carrying out the

Continuing . . . SHADOW OF GUILT

from page 52

tyranical instructions of the D.A.

"Well, Mr. Hadley," he was saying, "shall we start with you? Would you mind telling me where you were at three-thirty on Sunday afternoon?"

As always, his attack had come from a direction against which I was least protected. We were fairly safe with Ala. Connie could make the blanket statement that she and Ala had been in the house all afternoon.

But what about me? I'd left Lew Parker just before three, I'd driven the Brazilian to his hotel. That had taken about ten minutes. And after that? At the crucial moment I'd been driving at random around New York trying to make up my mind whether to go to Saxby.

Before I could get started on any floundering improvisation, Connie broke in.

"Why don't you start with me, Lieutenant? In my case and Ala's it's really so terribly simple. As it happens, we were in the house all day. We never left it."

To my tense and grateful relief, Trant turned away from *me to her.*

"The servants were here?"

"Why, no, Lieutenant. They never come in on Sundays."

"So it's just what we call a family alibi. But they do carry a little more weight if they're supported by someone from outside the family."

Conie was wearing her gracious, patronising smile. "But Sunday afternoon is such a family time, Lieutenant. We hardly ever have anyone in."

"We just had lunch. Ala sat around reading and . . . well, there was Miss Taylor, of course. But I don't suppose she'd count, because she's virtually one of the family, too."

"And who is Miss Taylor?"

"She's the secretary of one of my committees. But to all intents and purposes she's my secretary, too. I invited her to lunch, and after lunch . . ." Connie was sitting by the library table and on it, right beside her, was the copy of the "New York Times" magazine section. She rested her hand on it.

"As I said, Ala sat around reading and Miss Taylor and I did the puzzle. We were still doing it, weren't we, George, when you came back?"

Connie had given me not only a breathing space, but my cue. She was saying to me: "Don't worry. I can call Miss Taylor and get her to include you."

Then very casually Trant rose, went to the table, and picked up the puzzle. He stood studying it.

"You both worked on it, I see," he said. "There's one lot of very neat capitals—and another lot that aren't so neat."

"Oh, the messy ones are mine, I'm afraid," said Connie.

Trant dropped the paper back on the desk. "Well, Mrs. Hadley, I'd say this makes it a lot better. Where can I find Miss Taylor?"

Connie gave him—Miss Taylor's address. He took it down.

"By the way, Mrs. Hadley, just when did she leave?"

"When was it?" said Connie. "I can't quite be positive. Do you remember, George? Wasn't it around four-thirty?"

Once again she was giving me my cue. "Yes," I said. "I think it was around then."

Trant turned to me. "So you'd been out, Mr. Hadley. And when you got back Miss Taylor was still there?"

"That's right."

"Then perhaps you'd tell me where you'd been."

I told him about Lew Parker and the Brazilian. Thanks to

> **God sells us all things at the price of labor.**
> **— *Leonardo Da Vinci***
> **God gives the nuts, but He does not crack them.**
> **— *German Proverb***

Connie, it was easy to say I'd come home right after the Brazilian. That put me safely in the house by three-thirty.

After I'd finished Trant said, "Good! May I use your phone to call headquarters?" And, without waiting he went out to the hall. Within a few minutes he was back.

"So," he said, sitting down again. "Well, that does it, doesn't it? I'll talk to Miss Taylor, of course, but this seems to take care of the whole family. Under the circumstances, I doubt whether I'll even have to talk of Miss Hadley. Alibis were what the D.A. wanted, and alibis are what we've got, aren't they, Mr. Hadley?"

I should have felt huge relief. Once again Lieutenant Trant seemed to have accepted the flimsiest evidence in our favor as if it were overpoweringly strong.

And yet, once again, instead of relief came a sensation, gnawing like a rat, that he had believed us no more than he'd believed us the first time.

I felt it even more when he smiled.

"Well, Mr. Hadley, now that the ordeal's over, you might be interested to hear a new development that just came up.

"Of course, this may have nothing to do with the case, but at least it's indicative of the line which we and the D.A. will now have to follow. This morning early, Don Saxby's cleaning woman, Mrs. Cassidy, came to pay me a visit."

Connie had leaned forward tensely in her chair.

"She's the woman who discovered the body. When I first interviewed her she was, of course, very rattled. She gave her testimony and that seemed to be that. But early this morning she showed up at headquarters. She'd come to unprinciples. She'd come to unburden her conscience, she said. She also brought with her a bracelet she'd found in Saxby's apartment."

"In the light of Saxby's record," I said, "there's nothing strange about finding a bracelet in his room."

"There's nothing particularly strange about it, but her story is quite strange. Apparently, about six weeks ago, when she was cleaning the bed in Saxby's bedroom, she found a bracelet on the floor. It was quite a valuable bracelet. She was standing there with it in her hand when Don Saxby came back. He told her to keep it. 'Finders, keepers,' he said.

"Mrs. Cassidy protested that it was much too valuable, but he insisted. He said, 'It's about time I gave you a little present. But just one thing. It belonged to a lady, a married lady. She won't want it back, I'm sure. But if ever I ask you to come and meet her, I'd like you to tell her just where you found it.'

"Don Saxby was back at his very dirty tricks. A married woman had compromised herself. And now he had a witness. Whenever in the future he wanted to put the screws on

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YOUR BOOKSHELF

By JOYCE HALSTEAD

"Fuel for the Flame"

Alec Waugh (Cassell).

A long, rambling novel with a great number of characters in a variety of situations against the background of an exotic Far Eastern island kingdom somewhere in the South China Sea. It is a British protectorate, with a Resident around whom the British community revolves, but ruled over by an ageing monarch whose heir, Prince Rhya, has been an international playboy before coming home to assume his responsibilities, which include marriage to an English girl.

Oil provides the island's prosperity and riches for the ruling house, and the oil camp much of the story's action, especially when the underground subversive political activity comes to a boiling head. The passions of European men and women in the tropics undulate throughout, but it is not until page 444 that the important political thread of the story gathers any real momentum.

"A Descant for Gossips"

Thea Astley (Angus and Robertson).

Vinny Lalor, an adolescent pupil at a Queensland small town high school, with her skinny plainness, poverty, and immaturity is derided and ostracised by her precocious contemporaries. Helen Striebel, a teacher, recognising the child's sensitivity, provides her only real happiness. Adoring Vinny becomes her slave, and proves it with courage when scandal finally engulfs Helen and a male teacher, Moller, drawn into a bitter-sweet affair. Helen, too, unwittingly causes Vinny's deepest and final hurt.

This gifted writer has drawn with a scholar's touch a sensitive and intense study in human emotions played out against the cruel pettiness of a small town community. The dusty Queensland tropical background, so well described, is significant, but remains unobtrusively incidental to the main theme. An excellent and important new novel.

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FRIDAY Mum didn't want me to go to school with this real terrible bad cold . . . but being picked for the footie match this arvo, I insisted.

Sure was BLACK FRIDAY! First, teacher said my test results were awful disappointing.

Then coach said I couldn't play with the team on account of I wasn't too well. Mum should put me on Waterbury's, he says.



MONDAY Mum thought hat was a very good idea. So do I. Waterbury's tastes nice. Reckon it's doing me good, too, my cold's lots better.

FRIDAY Everything's real beaut! Teacher said my grades had varstly improved tho my spelling and gramma was still a bit week.

I made the team this arvo—and we won the match! Gee, I feel great. Mum says it's thanks to Waterbury's.

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A healthy childhood is the foundation for success at school and onwards throughout life. That's why your youngsters need Waterbury's. It is the **all-year-round** tonic that promotes health and strength, helps to ward off ailments and infections. **Being also a decongestive,** Waterbury's quickly clears up colds and bronchial troubles that have already developed. Remember, Waterbury's means "good health" for **the whole family** . . . start them on it now!

• **relieves coughs and bronchial congestion** • **builds resistance to infection** • **enriches the blood** • **replaces mineral losses** • **aids digestion** • **stimulates appetite** • **helps regenerate health and well-being** • **provides material for tissue repair and growth**

Continuing . . .

SHADOW OF GUILT

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her he could always produce Mrs. Cassidy as a threat. Pay up — or my cleaning woman can tell your husband she found your bracelet in my apartment.

"There's motive for murder there, isn't there? And, of course, it's only one instance we happen to have stumbled on. From now on we'll have to go in for a thorough investigation of Don Saxby's other professional activities in New York, and I'm sure that eventually we'll find that one particular blackmail victim who saw Chuck's gun there, picked it up in a moment of rage — and killed him."

He rose. Connie and I got up, too. He went to Connie, holding out his hand for one of his abrupt leave-takings.

"I'm very sorry, Mrs. Hadley, that you and your family have had to bear the brunt of the scandal. Let's hope it'll all die down now."

Connie took his hand. "Thank you," she said.

He turned to me, holding out his hand to me, too. But before I could take it, he said: "Perhaps you'd like to see the bracelet."

As his hand went into his pocket his gaze was still on my face. There was really nothing to worry me. A bracelet was a bracelet. It was unlikely that I should have felt uneasiness, coiling and uncoiling, in the pit of my stomache, but I did.

HIS hand came out of his pocket. Lying over its palm was a bracelet of baroque pearls, the bracelet I had given to Connie on our fifth wedding anniversary.

He put the bracelet back in his pocket. He shifted the gaze to Connie for a moment then he moved towards the door. I opened it for him and went with him down the hall. On the steps I watched him stroll down to the street and into his black police car. He waved and drove away. I went back into the library feeling numb.

Connie had risen. She was cold and still.

I looked at her. Not, I hoped, as an accusing husband. To have accused her in my circumstances would have been revolting.

In a dry little voice she said, "Has he gone?"

"Yes."

"It isn't what you think," she said.

"It's your bracelet."

"Of course it is.

He stole it from you?"

"No. I knew I'd lost it. The clasp was loose, anyway. I was almost sure I'd lost it there in his apartment. That's why, when you mentioned it once, I —I hedged."

"So you have been there?"

"Of course," she said, "I've been there."

She moved over to a couch, the largest red-leather couch in the huge room. There was a silver cigarette-box. It had a fancy message of gratitude and greeting on it. It had been given to her father by some group or other of his devoted employees. She opened it, took out a cigarette, and lit it in her stilted, society-woman way.

"It's funny, isn't it? Everything coming toda Ala telling me about, Mrs. Lord—and now this."

I thought I could see it all, or, if not all, enough—Connie's flush of pleasure when we'd run into Don Saxby at the opera, her exaggerated reluctance to let Ala go with him to the party, even my own initial, instinctive, quite unjustified jealousy.

"You were in love with him," I said.

"In love? No, I wouldn't call it love."

"What would you call it?"

She held the cigarette tilted upwards between her first and second fingers. "You accused me once of having my head in a gas-oven about him. Do you remember?"

I remembered. It was almost as if I were back sitting on the edge of my bed, taking off my shoe, exhausted and prickly with exasperation.

"Yes," I said. "I remember."

"And I said, 'Would it make any difference to you if it was true?' It seems incredible now that I hadn't guessed you'd found someone else. But then I'm not very good at 'understanding what goes on in other people, am I? Look at Ala. I always thought I was helping her, and look what came out of it — Richmond, Don Saxby.

"Oh, I knew there was something wrong between you and me, of course. I'd known that for a long time, but I thought . . . well, it seemed perfectly natural for you to get more and more wrapped up in your work. I knew you'd always felt a bit awkward about my having money. It seemed natural, too, that you'd want to prove yourself, that you'd be tired often—and even bored often.

"But I thought that was probably true of most marriages, even good ones, I mean. I used to tell myself it was just a phase, a sort of middle phase which would work itself out. And all the time, in your mind, like Ala's. I'd become the bogy woman, the school teacher who made too many demands, the overbearing Consuelo Corliss who had to be escaped from for a little warmth — to Mrs. Lord, the woman in your league."

She smiled wryly.

"You've got to believe me. I never had the slightest idea. That's why I wasn't in love with Don Saxby. I was stupid enough to think I still had what I wanted, not quite the way I wanted it, of course, but I thought that would come back, too."

I felt terrible embarrassment. What could I say?

"Of course, with Don it was a temptation. I'd felt so—so unnecessary as a woman for so long. And when I met him in that gallery, when he seemed to admire me . . . He called the next day; he took me to lunch. I went once, twice, again. He was always so charming, managing to make me feel amusing and pretty and clever. It was all so different. . .

"I mean, there never seemed to be much of a chance for you and me to do anything like that together. I'd drifted into all those committtees and things. They'd filled up the time in a way, but . . . We even went to the movies. He bought popcorn. We held hands. I knew it was ridiculous for a woman my age, but somehow it didn't feel ridiculous.

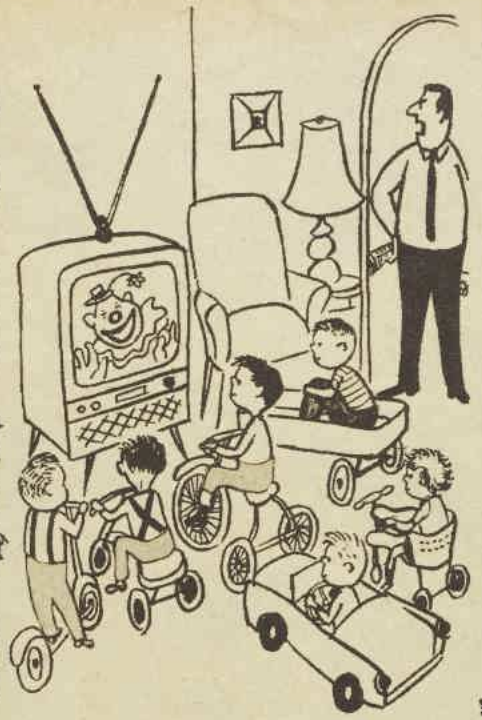
"And then, after the movies, we'd go to his horrible little apartment for a drink. It was fine. I liked it fine, but always around quarter to five or five I'd think: George will be home soon, and I'd always make a point of getting back before you because I always felt that was one of the good times between us, when you came back from the office and had a drink."

She gave a little shrug. "Then the last time . . About a month ago? I don't remember. Anyway, after the movies we went back to his apartment and he wanted to kiss me. He'd never done so before. But he did then and I — I almost went through with it. I was muddled. I didn't really know

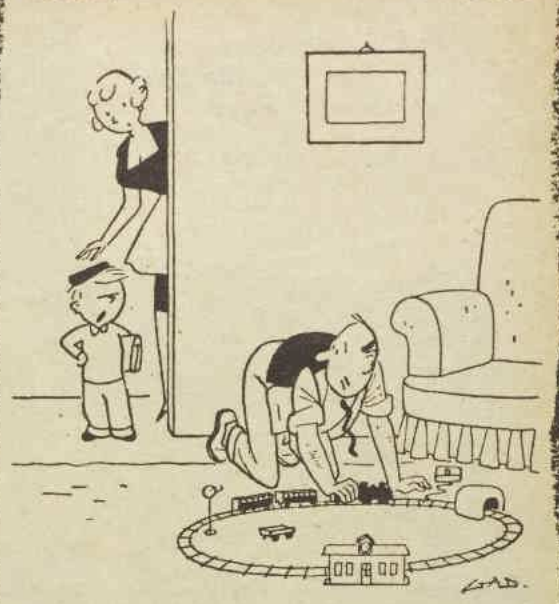
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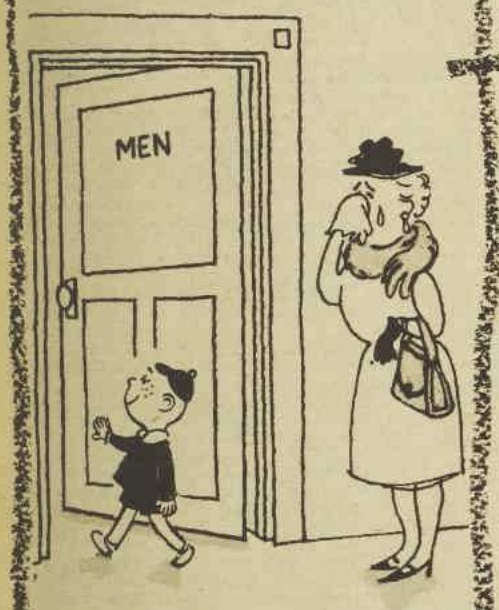
The Youngest Generation



"This isn't a living room — it's a drive-in theatre!"



"It's probably for this that you were so anxious to have a boy!"





"We're slipping. Three o'clock on a rainy Saturday and we still haven't driven them crazy."



"Jimmy?"



"Oh, oh, you brought the children. Well, we were going to do the house over anyway."

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PEARS Sunsilk SHAMPOO

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Continuing . . .

SHADOW OF GUILT

from page 54

what I felt. But at the last minute — well, I guess I'm not cut out to be an unfaithful wife. I just ran out. That was the last time I saw him alone.

"As it turned out — now we know what he was and what he was after — prudery paid off, didn't it? Perhaps, without admitting it, I always realised he was a phony. But there it is — the not very edifying story of me and near-infidelity. Sometimes after that I almost regretted it, at times when you seemed particularly bored and I felt particularly dull — like the night at the opera.

"That's why, when we ran into him quite by chance—it was exciting. It boosted my morale. There's my admirer, I thought. I know it was childish, but when he still seemed to admire me I wanted to show him off, I wanted to bring him back here and let you see. Then, of course, all the things with Ala began.

She threw out a hand. "So there it is. Ala — you — Don Saxby. I made a fool of myself all along the line, but once you get kicked out of a fool's paradise, at least it's a comfort to understand why you had the kick coming to you."

Listening to her had been terrible for me — not for what she'd done, not for her pathetically justified blossoming under Don Saxby's attentions, but for the light it shed on me. In her merciless self-accusation she hadn't accused me. There had never been a moment when she'd even hinted that any inadequacy had been mine.

But I stood accused, and as I looked through her eyes back into the years of our marriage, back long before Eve, the realisation of my own hypocrisy blazed out at me like a building suddenly floodlit.

There I'd been, smugly committed to my own self-elected conception of what marriage to Consuelo Corliss had involved —the humiliation of being the husband of a rich woman (had Connie ever by word or deed showed she'd thought of me that way?), the strain or being the "average guy" husband of an icily efficient, universally admired social figure (had Connie ever vaunted her own position?), and then, most self-deluding of all, the conviction that I was a red-blooded male stuck with a frigid female.

Poor George Hadley. That's what I'd chosen to think—that the marriage was too tough for me, never that I had been too feeble for the marriage. Poor George Hadley, no warmth for him.

"I liked it. I liked it fine, but always around quarter to five or five I'd think: George will be coming now . . ."

She was sitting on the arm of the chair, smiling at me with her bright, almost impersonal smile, making no demands whatsoever. She would, I knew, rather die than make me feel she had been implying there were any seeds for reconciliation in what she'd revealed.

She knew as well as I that it was far too late for us to pick up the pieces now. We might have done if this had happened before Eve, but this sort of thing never happened "before" anything. That was one of life's axioms.

And that was what made the situation unbearable now. I knew my love was completely committed to Eve and I knew, although now there was no smugness in it, that indeed it was Eve's league where I belonged and not Connie's.

There was nothing left to face my wife with but offerings which she would never dream of accepting — pity, regret, and, of course, my own awareness of my total failure as a husband.

For a moment — it seemed like a moment of infinite duration—we were quite still.

It was Connie who said, "Isn't this board meeting today?"

"Yes," I said.

"You're terribly late, aren't you?"

"Yes," I said, "but Lew knows we're having our time of troubles."

She got up. "George, about the bracelet. You got it at Cartier's, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"What if Lieutenant Trant is able to trace who bought it?"

It was indicative of how far we had got from the pressure of the moment that, until she'd said that, I'd given up thinking of Lieutenant Trant. I'd hardly thought of Don Saxby, either, except as a thing which had happened to Connie and me—certainly not as a corpse.

She was looking at me, her face very calm but very solemn.

"If he does identify it, if he finds out it's mine . . ."

No, I thought. After all that had happened, they — whoever they were. The Fates? —they couldn't do this to us.

"Won't he think I killed him, George?"

She said that without emotion.

THE confusions in me steadied themselves. "But he can't. At least we can be sure of that. You have an alibi. He knows that, Miss Taylor."

"Yes," she said. "Of course, Miss Taylor." She gave a little smile. "So that's one thing we don't have to worry about, isn't it? And we won't have to worry about you either, because I'll call her right away. She'll say you came home before three-thirty. I know she will. She'll do anything for me."

"All right," I said. "Try her. There didnt seem to be anything more to say. I looked at my watch. "I'd better go to the office. Lew wanted to see me this morning."

"There's something else," she said, and her voice was almost its old, brisk Connie voice. "The first chance you get do tell Mrs. Lord than I know and understand. Poor dear, life must have been awful for her all these last months. The least we can do is to relieve her mind a little."

"Connie," I said, and my voice cracked. I'd opened my mouth to speak and suddenly there was this thick, painful constriction in my throat. "Connie, I . . ."

"You really should hurry, dear," she said. "You know how peevish Lew gets when he's kept waiting . . ."

I went to Consolidated. Connie called to say that Miss Taylor had left for South Carolina early this morning because her mother had suddenly been taken sick.

"It's maddening, George. But it'll be all right, I'm sure. I'll call her father and leave a message for her to get in touch with me the moment she arrives. Oh, and there's something else, too. Vivien's just heard about Chuck and she's wild with enthusiasm. She insists on giving a family celebration party tonight. I'll have to go, of course.

"But — well, with the board meeting and everything, I'm sure you won't have a proper chance to talk to Mrs. Lord at the office and I really think — I mean, for her sake — that you should let her know it's all right. So I told Vivien not to count on you. I said you were working late."

As I listened I wondered whether there was anyone in the world except Connie who

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would be behaving like this—arranging my alibi for me, stalling Vivien, thinking about Eve under circumstances which would have turned any other wife into a vengeful fury. Once again I felt the same old mixture of emotions, admiration, gratitude, and a faint — very faint — resentment that she should still be organising me.

"Thanks, Connie. Thanks a lot."

Bob Driscoll came for me then, and for the rest of the day I was tied up. The meeting wasn't over until five, and no call from Connie had come through.

I hurried back to my office. It was the first time I'd a chance to see Eve alone all day. When I told her about Connie, her reaction was far less complicated than mine.

"She really gave us her blessing?"

"Not only that. She figured we'd want to be alone for a while so she got me out of going to Vivien's party."

"And all these months . . . ! George, she is wonderful, isn't she? How am I ever going to let her know how grateful I am?"

That was when Vivien swirled into the office. For a moment she dazzled me. There was always so much going on with Vivien, furs gleaming, jewels and teeth sparkling, the tingling laugh, the pretty "starlet" way which apparently hadn't made the grade in Hollywood but had certainly been richly rewarded in her role as Mrs. Malcolm Ryson.

"George, darling! Hello, Mrs. Lord." She ran to me and enveloped me in mink. "What's all this about working late? Today of all days? Are you out of your mind? I'm just through having my hair done right around the corner and I said to myself: This is ridiculous. I'll plunge into that office and drag George off."

She swooped around to Eve. "You see, don't you, Mrs. Lord. The nightmare's all over. Chuck's free again. He worships Ala. Ala worships him. How could she ever have wavered etcetera? It's all exactly as if nothing had happened, as if they'd turned back all the clocks. Tell him, Mrs. Lord, tell this dreary man he's simply got to come and celebrate with the others. All the family together."

I looked at Eve. She looked at me. I knew we were both feeling the same way. Whatever had happened to her own marriage, Connie had finally succeeded in getting Chuck and Ala together. One small way of repaying her was for me to see that the whole family was united at the celebration.

"All right," I said. "I'll call you later at home, Mrs. Lord. If there's any time, we still might get through some of the reports."

"There!" said Vivien. "I knew it. I knew no one could be as monstrous as all that. Well, darling, off we go. I have the car outside." She grabbed both my hands and then, just as she was going to whisk me away, she gave a little cluck.

"Really, what happens at board meetings? You look as wilted as last week's lettuce. You can't blight my celebration like this. We'll stop off at your house on the way and you can change into your most glamorous wedding garment. Good-bye, Mrs. Lord."

BOMBARDING me with an unbroken barrage of chatter, Vivien drove me to 64th Street. We were actually getting out of the car before I saw Lieutenant Trant. He appeared from nowhere, it seemed, hovering at my side like a chauffeur ready to assist the descent of an elderly employer.

"Hello, Mr. Hadley. Good-evening, Mrs. Ryson." He moved his grave smile from one to the other of us. "This is a piece of luck for me, Mr. Hadley. I've just been told by the maid that no one was at home."

"They're over at our house, Lieutenant," said Vivien. "We're giving a party. A celebration — after Chuck's terrible ordeal."

I said, "Did you want anything in particular, Lieutenant?"

"As a matter of fact, Mr. Hadley, I want to speak to you."

I turned to Vivien. "You go on," I said. "I'll come by in a minute."

"All right, darling." Vivien smiled at Trant again. "But don't keep him too long. Please, Lieutenant, promise me. We need him."

She waggled her hand at him, kissed me on the cheek, and drove off. For a moment Trant stood looking after her, then he turned to me. I preceded him up the steps, opened the front door, and led him into the library.

I should by then have become used to the oppressiveness he always inspired in me(the sensation that ever since I'd first met him he had been biding his time, crouching like the most patient of tigers for a sudden, eventual pounce.

But now, although his smile was as unintimidating as ever and he had in so many words that morning dismissed us completely from the case, I felt more tense than ever.

I said, "How about a drink?"

I went over to the bar and was actually pouring myself a shot of bourbon before he said, "No, thank you. I don't think so. Not now."

I put water in my drink. "You don't mind if I do?"

"Of course not. You probably need one."

He took out his cigarette-case and, selecting a cigarette, inevitably tapped it on the case and lit it.

"Cartier's," he said, "is a very impressive store, Mr. Hadley. I'd tried a couple of other jewellers first, but less than five minutes after I'd shown them that pearl bracelet at Cartier's, they were able to identify it as a bracelet you had them make for your wife seven years ago."

The nightmare's over! Vivien and her celebration! My hand was gripping my glass so tightly that with a hallucinatory sensation I could almost feel it crushing, driving splinters into my palm.

"I can't say I was very surprised." The Lieutenant's continuing voice sounded very slightly muffled as if it were coming to me through a thin barrier of paper.

"There'd already been several hints. The woman who heard the shots had seen him on several occasions come into the building with a woman. She didn't know who the woman was, of course, but the general description could very well have fitted Mrs. Hadley. And then — well, the Duvreux story established a sort of pattern, didn't it? Begin as a protege of the wife — switch to the daughter.

"Of course, Chuck confused the issue for a while, but he never sidetracked me too much. I mean, from the moment the motel owners checked in and Mrs. Fostwick called from Toronto, I had a fairly good idea who killed Don Saxby."

"And now, since I've found out about the bracelet, I would say I have a very good idea."

He paused, but his eyes never left my face.

"Usually, Mr. Hadley, once you've found the best motive you've found the murderer. A man who discovers that both his wife and his daughter have been—what shall we say?—betrayed? . . . by the same man, has a very good motive for murder, hasn't he?"

Somehow, I suppose, in the even flow of his words, I had gathered what he was leading up to; I had realised that after the long crouch the pounce had come. But that it should have come in just this way was so staggeringly unexpected that I felt nothing at first but astonishment merged with something that was almost amusement.

"You're not accusing me?" I said.

"Accusing you, Mr. Hadley? No, I'm not accusing you. I'm only asking you what you would say if I did accuse you."

"I'd say it was ridiculous."

"Ridiculous that you would have wanted to kill a man who'd done what Saxby did to your wife and daughter?"

"No, not exactly, but . . ."

"But—what?"

They can't do anything to you if you're innocent. How many times had I been uttering that trite reassurance in the last few days? But gradually I could feel it all as an octopus again; I could feel tentacles creeping from the right, the left, from behind.

"Well, Mr. Hadley? You admit you have the motive. What about the opportunity? Wouldn't you say in your own defence that you couldn't have killed him because you had an alibi?"

I'd been waiting for that, waiting with the image of Miss Taylor hovering ominously in my mind. I knew as clearly as I knew anything that a life-line thrown by Lieutenant Trant would be suspect, but I grabbed it.

"Yes," I said. "I imagine I'd remind you that I had an alibi."

Trant turned away from me with maddening leisureliness. He saw an ash-tray on Connie's desk and crushed his cigarette in it.

"We called Miss Taylor, Mr. Hadley. This morning when I borrowed your phone I told H.Q. to get in touch with her. They got the South Carolina number. We talked to her the moment she arrived. She confirmed Mrs. Hadley's and Miss Hadley's alibis, of course. But when it came to you, her story was a little different from yours or your wife's. She said that, to the best of her knowledge, when she left at four-thirty, you still hadn't come home."

So much for Connie's arrangements.

Then he went on, "I'm sure that you've been planning to get in touch with her and ask her to include you in the alibi. For all I know, you've already done so. But I'm afraid I got ahead of you. And I spoke to her from the office. I have the conversation on tape.

"As the D.A. sees it and as I see it, Mr. Hadley, the only people, apart from yourself, who at the moment have any known immediate motive for murdering Don Saxby, were Mrs. Hadley or Miss Hadley. Miss Taylor has been able to give them both a definite alibi. But you . . ."

He made a little gesture. his hand.

"Motive, Mr. Hadley, opportunity . . . and an alibi which didn't happen to hold up very well, did it? That's what I want you to think about. I know it's unorthodox for a cop to show his hand, but I've never cared much for being orthodox. And in a case like this where the murdered man, morally if not legally, deserved what was coming to him—I feel, well, shall we say that I feel holding out on you any longer wouldn't be cricket?"

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Continuing . . . SHADOW OF GUILT

from page 57

Once again, at the least imaginable moment, he was stretching out his hand, smiling his exasperating smile.

"Don't bother to see me out. I know the way. But there's one last thing I'd like to say. Even in cricket, I believe, the object of the game is to win. I have no actual proof yet. I'll even be frank enough to tell you that. But now is only now. Good evening, Mr. Hadley."

He went out of the library. I heard his footsteps going down the hall. Then the front door opened and closed.

I stood there with my drink half drunk in my hand. The imaginary tentacles were crawling, curling around me because I saw the decision I'd have to make. It was the same soul-destroying decision that had confronted me last night, only now it was I who had been put into the position vacated by Chuck.

All I had to do was to admit I'd gone to Saxby's and found Ala there. Once Trant knew Ala's alibi was a fake too and that I'd actually discovered her there by the body, he would, without any shadow of doubt, forget about me. His terrible round game of Pick the Murderer would come to a remorseless close with Ala.

But knowing what I had to decide didn't make the decision any easier.

I took a gulp of my drink, feeling at the lowest ebb of exhaustion. There was no proof against me. Trant had admitted it. And he would never be able to get any because I wasn't guilty. Didn't the answer lie there? Wouldn't Eve have to agree that there was only one thing to do?

Once it had seemed possible for me to sacrifice Ala if need be, but now, after she'd so splendidly shown her courage, now at the very moment when she was being reunited with Chuck, it was something, I knew, which just couldn't be done.

I finished my drink and put the empty glass down on Connie's desk. What I'd put it down on was the "Times" magazine section. It was still open at the crossword puzzle which Connie and Miss Taylor had done together and Trant had studied so carefully. I glanced down vaguely at Connie's familiar messy writing and Miss Taylor's neat capitals.

The puzzle was completely finished. That was the first thing I noticed. Then, as if drawn by magnetism, my eyes fell on the clue for number 8 down. A goddess of war in seven letters. My eyes flashed up to the puzzle itself. There was the answer written in, in Miss Taylor's unmistakable capitals.

Bellona.

As I looked at the word, I felt myself spinning dizzily back in time. I was coming here into the library around five on Sunday afternoon. Connie was sitting in the red-leather chair, her reading-glasses on, glancing up at me with her bright, unperturbed smile.

"Hello, dear. Who was a goddess of war in seven letters beginning with B?"

Five o'clock! Half an hour after Miss Taylor was supposed to have left! And Connie hadn't known who the goddess of war was then; the puzzle hadn't been finished then. So!

This shock was so enormous that for a moment I couldn't force my swirling thoughts into any sense. But gradually, terrifyingly, the pattern emerged. Connie's alibi for herself had been as fake as our alibi for Ala and our alibi for me. On Sunday Miss Taylor had never been at the house at all.

Connie had merely gone to her later and made her fill in the puzzle to provide Trant at just the right moment with the magnificently casual and convincing piece of evidence of the two female buddies sitting cosily together on a family Sunday afternoon, taking turns writing in the clues.



"No, no, Mr. Wheatly, the steam cabinets are over there. You're in the washing-machine."

Miss Taylor hadn't got around to lying for me, but she'd certainly lied brilliantly for Connie.

Ever since I'd left for Idlewild on Sunday morning, my wife had been alone. Ala had been physically there, of course, but she'd been locked in her bedroom at the back of the house. Connie could have gone out and come back a dozen times—and nobody would ever have known.

Eve and I were sitting together in the pink living-room. I'd gone directly to her house and told her about Connie's phony alibi. For a while she just couldn't believe it. That was another of the ironies.

Eve was like everyone else, including me. She was so convinced of Connie's integrity that it was beyond her powers of comprehension to grasp the fact that Connie, of all people, could have been saying one thing and doing another — forcing Ala to speak the truth while she at the same time had been hiding her own far more incriminating involvement.

"But all that about Miss Taylor and the puzzle—it wasn't just for Trant. She told you Miss Taylor had been there long before there was any question of alibis. She'd decided on it from the beginning."

"She must have."

"And the bracelet."

"I know."

She was looking at me, her eyes very solemn. "Do you think she could have been lying about that, too? I mean, do you think she was really crazy about Saxby?"

Did I? Whatever else I was prepared to believe, could I possibly believe that my wife's pathetic baring of her heart about our marriage that morning had been nothing but a theatrical sham?

"No," I said. "I can't believe that. The thing with the bracelet was faked by Saxby."

"But even so he could have used it against her, couldn't he? Ala had refused to listen about the Duvreuxs. She'd said she was going to marry him anyway. If Connie had gone to Don's determined to call the police and expose him about the Duvreuxs, couldn't he had counter-threatened with the bracelet? Either I marry Ala or I tell your husband you've been having an affair with me.

"It's awful, I know, that she was still thinking—well, that she had you. But couldn't it have happened that way? Connie, thinking she was saving not only Ala but her marriage, picking up the gun . . ."

That had occurred to me too, because nothing, of course, could have been more in keeping with Connie's character. Poor Connie, barging into yet another situation determined at all costs to save everybody single-handed.

"George," Eve was saying very quietly, "what are you going to do?"

"I don't know," I said.

"But if they try to arrest you?"

"How can they when they have no proof?"

"Do you really believe that still? They know you have a motive. They know you have no alibi. And you did go there. Maybe they'll find that out, too. Oh, George, I know how you feel. She's your wife. You feel guilty because of us. Of course you do. But . . . but we've tried, haven't we?

"For months we've been trying to put her first, trying to do the right thing. There's got to come a time when we think about us. And if they arrested you now, now when we're so nearly there . . ."

Suddenly her face was out of control. She threw herself against me. "Oh, George, George darling, if they do try to arrest you, tell. Please, promise me if you have to, you'll tell."

I knew, of course, that she was right. Whatever Connie had or hadn't done was no longer my responsibility. Whatever muddled feelings might still be goading me—anxiety, guilt, even the residue of tenderness for my wife—were now in a way betrayals of Eve.

I put my arms around her, drawing her closer, kissing her.

"I love you," I said.

"Oh, George, I know."

"Then there's something else you know, too. You know I'll never let anything stop me taking you to Tobago. Not Trant, not Connie—not even Ala."

"Then—then you promise?"

"If need be. But first I'm going to call her at Vivien's."

I kissed her again and, getting up from the couch, went to the phone. Just as I was about to lift the receiver, the front-door buzzer rang.

I turned back to Eve. "Don't answer," I said.

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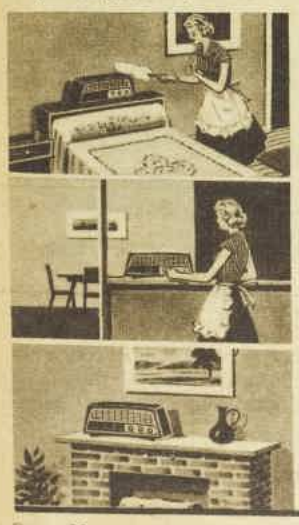
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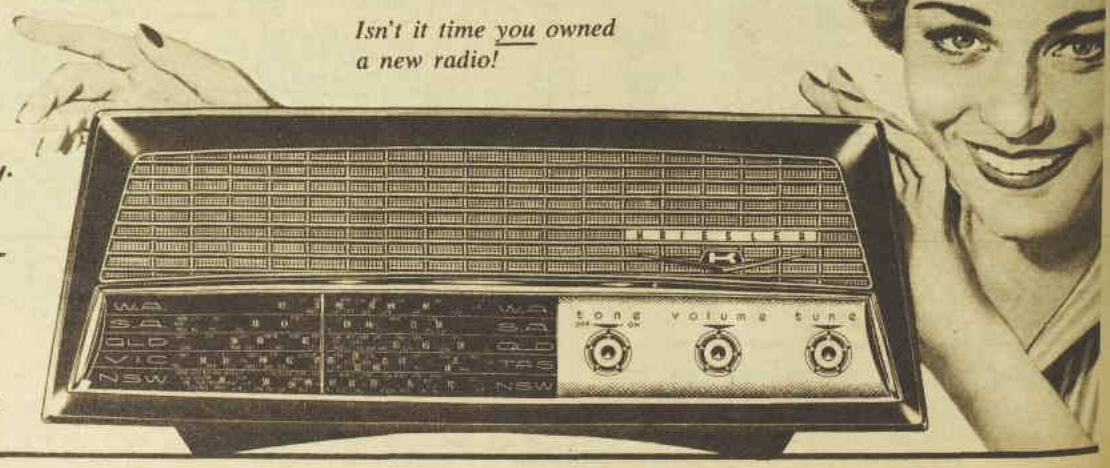
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It buzzed again. We both turned looking uneasily into the little hall as if the hall itself constituted a threat. Then for the third time the buzzer sounded. This time the finger pressing it didn't release its pressure.

"You'd better go," I said. "Just get rid of them—whoever it is."

Eve hurried out into the hall. I heard the door open. I heard Eve give a little exclamation. Then, coming ahead of her, walking in as nonchalantly as though he were a cocktail guest, Lieutenant Trant was moving into the room.

"Hello, Mr. Hadley," he said. "I rather expected to find you here."

He was smiling his same old aren't-we-buddies smile. I knew he was actually standing there, but for a moment he had no reality as if he were merely a figment of my own anxieties. The smile lingered on me for a moment, then he moved it to Eve.

"I'm sorry about making all that racket, Mrs. Lord, but I was told you were in, and this is quite important. My name, by the way, is Trant. Lieutenant Trant. Do you mind if we all sit down?"

Eve hesitated, glanced at me and then sat down on the couch. I sat down beside her. Trant lingered a moment, dominating. Then he perched himself on the arm of a chair.

"It's funny," he said, "why people go on thinking of Manhattan as a big, impersonal, faceless no-man's land. To me it always seemed much the same as any small town anywhere in the country. Neighbors watch neighbors the way they watch them in Skull Crossing, Montana.

"And neighbors — mostly female neighbors—make a point of calling the cops whenever they get a chance, just the same as if Mrs. O'Grady's heifer had broken through their backyard fence again."

He paused. "This evening, Mr. Hadley, when I got back to the office after talking to you, there was a message that a Mrs. Ross had called. I've just come from talking to her. As it happens, she lives upstairs in this building. She'd called me because she'd seen your picture in the papers. She wanted me to know, in the strictest confidence as she put it, that for the last four months if not longer you'd been coming here every Thursday evening to see Mrs. Lord.

"And not only that. As it turned out, Mrs. Ross also saw you here on the actual afternoon of the murder. You may remember her, Mr. Hadley, a large blonde with a white poodle. Apparently you tangled together right outside the building.

"On Sunday afternoons, it seems that Mrs. Ross makes a habit of walking the white poodle at exactly five minutes to four because there's a television programme she watches at four—which establishes the fact that it was five minutes to four when you came here.

"As you remember, Don Saxby was shot at three-thirty. Anyone, even a white-haired little old lady, can walk from Saxby's apartment here in under twenty minutes."

Contentment is simply refined indolence.
—T. C. Haliburton
Blue is always the husband's favorite.
—Norman Hartnell

He opened his cigarette-case. He took out a cigarette. While I waited for him to tap it again on the silver top of the case, I could feel the veins throbbing in my temples.

"I told you, Mr. Hadley, that you had both opportunity and motive, but I didn't know at the time just how much opportunity and motive you had, did I? I didn't know that you were seen less than twenty minutes after the crime at a spot only fifteen minutes away. Nor, speaking in terms of motive, did I know that it wasn't merely a question of your wife and your daughter, it was a question of Mrs. Lord, too.

"Don Saxby, who could always be depended upon for digging up scandal, must have been very pleased to find out about Mrs. Lord. He had you three ways, didn't he? If it had cost the irreproachable Mr. Duvreux ten thousand dollars to pay him off, how much was it going to cost you? More money, I'd say, that you were either willing or able to pay.

"I don't blame you. Let me say that again. I don't blame you at all. But it's too bad, isn't it, that your wife's attempt to get you an alibi—which was really noble of her under the circumstances—just didn't happen to work out?"

They can't do anything to you if you're innocent! All the time that his voice had gone stabbingly on, I'd tried to cling to that shakiest of premises. And yet with every word his case had become more hideously plausible.

There were, it seemed, hosts of witnesses, people I'd hardly thought of, people I'd never even seen—Mrs. (Who was it?) Ross, the motel owners, the Fostwicks in Toronto—hosts of them all relentlessly marshalled by Lieutenant Trant to prove that they can indeed do something to you if you're innocent.

"Well, Mr. Hadley." Cigarette smoke was trailing between his face and mine. "What would you say now if I accused you of killing Donald Saxby?"

All this time Eve had been sitting close to me on the couch, very straight, her hand brushing against my knee. I had been very conscious of her hand. It had been the one thing that was giving me any steadiness at all. Now, as I let the situation flounder on with no power, it seemed, to control it, she rose to her feet. For a moment she stood glaring at Trant, then she turned back to me.

"Tell him, George," she said. "You've got to. You promised me. Tell him."

"Just what do you want him to tell me, Mrs. Lord?" said Trant softly.

She stood there, looking at him, her face bleak with despair.

"I know it's awful. I know how you feel. But . . . but it's got to be done. It's . . . No, may be it hasn't. Maybe there's another way, a way which won't make it so bad for you later on."

She had turned towards the phone. For still another long moment she hesitated, then she went to it and dialled a number.

"Hello. Can I speak to Mrs. Hadley, please?"

"Eve!" I explained.

I jumped to my feet. I took a step towards her, but before I reached her she was saying, "Mrs. Hadley? This is Eve Lord. Something's happened and I think you ought to know. Lieutenant Trant's just accused George of killing Don Saxby. He's accused him because he thinks George is the only one in the Hadley family without an alibi. This is my idea, to call you, it isn't George's. I just think there might be something you want to say."

Her voice was icily calm. Somehow it had managed to paralyse not only me but Lieutenant Trant. We both watched her, keeping perfectly still. Faintly I could hear my wife's voice at the other end of the phone. Then Eve was holding the receiver out to me.

"She wants to talk to you."

I took the phone. Everything seemed to be a long way off. I heard Connie's voice, very clipped and brisk.

"George, is this true?"

"It's true."

"And it's just because the alibi with Miss Taylor didn't work?"

"More or less."

For a moment there was a pause. Then she said, "You haven't told him about Ala?"

"Of course not."

"And he's going to arrest you?"

"I guess so."

"Then, George, George dear, you can't hold back any more You know you can't. You know Ala wouldn't want you to. Tell him."

"About Ala?"

"It's too late now. We can't lie any more — any of us. We'll have to tell the truth — and face it."

"The truth, for example, about Miss Taylor?"

I waited, feeling an extraordinary, disembodied lightness.

"Miss Taylor?" said Connie. "What about Miss Taylor?"

"That she wasn't at the house on Sunday at all?"

"Wasn't there? But . . . but, George, of course she was there."

"And you did the puzzle together?"

"Well, no, not that. Not the puzzle. How did you find out?"

"I just did," I said.

"I meant to tell you this morning, but—well, there were quite a lot of other things to talk about, weren't there? You see, I know how the police are. Right from the beginning I knew we'd need as good an alibi as possible for Ala. It wasn't just that I knew she'd sneaked out, it was the Richmond thing, too. I was so scared they'd find out, and just Miss Taylor and I saying we were there seemed so feeble since Miss Taylor was almost a part of the family.

"So . . . so I thought I'd make it look better. I thought if I got Miss Taylor to fill in the puzzle, at least there'd be something tangible. I mean, they couldn't say we were lying if there was the puzzle with both our handwriting as evidence, could they? That's what I thought. That's . . ." Her voice suddenly cracked. "But, George, all this time you've been thinking Miss Taylor wasn't here at all?"

"Yes," I said.

"Then—just what must you have thought of me? That I'd been doing it for myself? To try to make an alibi for myself? Oh, George . . . let me talk to the Lieutenant."

"But . . ."

"Please, George, let me talk to the Lieutenant. I'll make him see. I'll tell him everything, but I'll make him see. Somehow I'll make him see."

Somehow she'd make him see. Through all the conflicting thoughts and emotions, that was what came through to me the strongest. Connie being Connie! Connie once again fighting the dragon single-handed. I'll do something. I'll make them see.

I handed the phone to Trant. The instant I did so, Eve cried, "I had to. George, you do see, don't you?"

"Of course I see," I said.

I went to her and put my arm around her waist. We stood watching Trant while Connie "made him see." He hardly said a word, just an occasional "yes" or "no." Then with a "No, not now. There's no need for you at the moment," he put the receiver back on its stand. He turned to look at me.

"So all along it's been Miss Hadley you've been protecting."

"More or less," I said.

The friendly smile came again and for the first time its friendliness seemed totally without ulterior motive.

"Then I think this is the moment to tell you that in all my experience as a cop I've never met two people who lied so often and so badly as you and your wife. It's a relief to know

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Continuing . . . SHADOW OF GUILT

from page 58

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it was in so admirable a cause. It's a relief, too, to know that my little comedy paid off. I apologise, Mr. Hadley, but you'll have to take my word for it that I had my reasons."

"Reasons?" I said. "For what?"

"For accusing you."

He paused a moment as if he were musing. Then his eyes moved from mine back to Eve. She was looking at him, her lips parted in astonishment.

"Then you've known all along that George didn't do it?"

"Not all along, Mrs. Lord. Until just about an hour ago, I was almost sure he was guilty. But just now when I went on with the accusation here, it was a bit phony, I admit. I was using a little pressure to squeeze out the facts. A cop on a case has to ascertain all the facts, you know. It says so in the detective's manual. Page seventeen, I think."

I watched him, knowing once and for all that I was never going to be able to understand him.

"You mean you'd found out about Ala for yourself?" I asked.

"Oh, no, Mr. Hadley. That was quite a surprise. In this case, I've turned out to be the most consistently surprised cop in the history of the New York police force."

He stubbed his cigarette in an ash-tray.

"You see, while I was talking to Mrs. Ross upstairs, a phone call came through from Headquarters. After that even I could hardly go on believing that you were guilty, because the murder of Donald Saxby has been solved."

He went back to the chair and perched himself once more on its arm.

"Yes," he said, "nothing fancy, no gimmicks, just a call from Headquarters. Of course I set things up for the call. I can at least give myself credit for that. But I didn't really get any nearer to solving the case than you, Mr. Hadley. In fact, you got a little nearer than I did. You were the one who made such a fuss about San Francisco."

He looked down at his hands as if suddenly the condition of his nails was of vital importance to him.

"I'd already contacted the San Francisco police, of course, and I'd already got the dope on Saxby, Kramer, and the girl who worked with them, Kramer's sister. But it was only after you called me that I got in touch with the Coast again and had them trace the Kramer girl. I wanted to make sure you couldn't accuse me of concentrating exclusively on the Hadley family."

He looked up then. "This evening the word came back. They'd traced Ruth Kramer. She was living in New York under another name. She'd got herself into the big money. And not only that. She'd got there through a very fortunate connection with your family."

A faint smile was playing around the corners of his mouth now. "Once I knew that, the rest couldn't have been more obvious, could it? In the old days, by the way, Saxby hadn't just been Ruth Kramer's partner, he'd been her boy-friend."

"Here she was hitting the pay dirt. Why not cut Saxby in? He'd just come down from Canada after pulling the Duvreux deal. Here, all set up for him in New York, was an even more promising mother-daughter combination — and something Ruth couldn't use herself. Okay. Give the boy-friend a break."

His quiet, unemphasised voice with its odd, almost affected turn of phrase, was extraordinarily spell-binding. As I stood there with my arm around Eve, I just listened, contented to listen as if, now that everything was changed, this was no longer the voice of our antagonist but the voice which miraculously was going to make life possible for us all again.

"It worked, didn't it?" It worked fine. In a couple of months, Saxby had got through the mother to the daughter, he'd got the daughter into the motel. Who knows? With the bracelet to dangle over the mother's head, he might even have succeeded in marrying the daughter and ended up sitting as pretty as Ruth Kramer.

"But there was one snag—one big snag. He'd broken parole when he crossed into Canada. If ever the police got on to him, the whole game was up. And that's where luck turned against him. Quite by chance, you found out about the Duvreuxs, Mr. Hadley, and Kramer had cut him into the deal in the first place? Saxby was a firm believer in dog-eat-dog.

"Okay, he had to get out of town but there was nothing to stop his leaving with a nice big cheque from Ruth Kramer. She wasn't sitting as pretty as that. The moment it came out who she really was, she would have been back in the gutter, too. So!"

He gave a slight, quizzical shrug. "There's the murder set-up. Saxby called Ruth Kramer. He told her to bring him a cheque for a going-away present. Once he got the cheque, he said, he'd burn whatever papers he'd been keeping to remind her just who she was. Ruth Kramer must have been a very mad girl, but she knew when she was licked.

"On Sunday afternoon she went around with the cheque. She handed it over. He burned the papers in the fireplace. That could have been the end of the episode, but it wasn't, because of Chuck's gun."

He paused. "I imagine it wasn't just having to give him the money, although that must have been annoying enough. Ruth Kramer knew her Saxby. She knew, whether he'd burnt the papers or not, this was only a beginning. From now on, what was to stop him coming back and back again for a touch whenever he felt in the mood?

"And what use was he to her any more anyway? She'd got her place in the sun and she'd got it through her own unaided efforts. Saxby was as obsolete in her life now as a dinosaur and yet as dangerous as a sabre-toothed tiger."

He was grinning at me. "I don't blame her for shooting him — particularly with someone else's gun."

"No, if I'd been Ruth Kramer, I'd have shot Donald Saxby myself."

I knew, of course. I'd known almost from the first moment he'd mentioned Ruth Kramer. Vivien Ryson, who had come from California, who must actually have seen Chuck take the gun!

Trant was just sitting there, watching me, perched on the chair arm, bringing once again the incongruous image of a cocktail-party guest. Someone should have been offering him a little circle of toast spread with caviare.

"Then," I said, "then Ruth Kramer when she changed her name . . ."

"She changed it through marriage, Mr. Hadley. You see, when her brother was shot resisting arrest and Saxby was given five years, she was left with no one to take care of her. Not being taken care of was something Ruth Kramer didn't like at all, so she did what any sensible girl in her place would have done.

"She looked around for a stop gap until Saxby was out of gaol. She found an ideal one—a pathetic invalid who'd already been condemned to death by his doctors, an invalid, incidentally, who was very adequately insured. She found him in Bakersfield, California."

"No!" I heard the word. I knew I'd said it. I knew that choking cry was the sound of my own voice.

"Yes." I could hear Lieutenant Trant's voice but if, like my own, seemed merely a grotesque hallucination in my mind. "Yes, Mr. Hadley, his name, I'm afraid, was Oliver Lord."

My arm was still around Eve. It seemed to have no life of its own at all, as if, in some nightmare, it had grown into her, was grafted on to her—and nothing could separate us but a tearing of skin.

"When Oliver Lord died, Mr. Hadley, Ruth Kramer came to New York. She was looking for work, their kind of work, which would pay off for herself and Saxby too. She found it at Consolidated Carbide, didn't she? The husband of a rich woman with a nineteen-year-old adopted daughter? The mother and daughter for Saxby, the husband for her—a husband who had been married for twelve years, a husband at the exact psychological moment when he could be eased into having a little fling.

"To begin with, I imagine, the husband was rather incidental, the big money seemed to lie with the mother and daughter. But I'm only guessing, of course—suddenly Ruth Kramer found the husband was even riper for romance than she'd suspected.

"This wasn't just a guy with an itch, this was a decent guy, a guy in love who might even divorce his wife and whisk Ruth Kramer right up out of the gutter once and for all. What had she got on to? And why had she ever cut Saxby in?"

We were still—Eve and I—locked together by the awful paralysis of my arm. I stood listening, just listening, not interpriting at all, not feeling anything but the pressure of my arm against her side. Trant's voice pounded on like a hammer.

To page 62

Continuing . . .

SHADOW OF GUILT

from page 59



"The paper predicted "Showers" today."



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* *Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 6E-D Hobart; New Zealand orders to Box 6346, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders will be accepted.*

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F5679.— Glorious evening gown has flattering bodice and elegant skirt. Requires 12yds. 36in. material. Sizes 38 to 44in. bust. Price 6/6.

F4335.— Pretty style for a winter party frock. Requires 1¾ to 2⅞yds. 36in. material. Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 years. Price 3/-.

F5669.— Child's winter coat requires 1½ to 2yds. material. Sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, years. Price 3/6.

F5710.— Confirmation frock to delight any little girl requires 2⅛ to 2¾yds. 36in. material. Sizes 7, 8, 9, years. Price 3/-.

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F5684.— Little girl's confirmation frock requires 2¼ to 3yds. 36in. material. Sizes 6, 8, 10 years. Price 3/-.



NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 267. — WINTER FROCK

Sophisticated winter style for day or evening wear is available cut out ready to sew in corduroy velveteen in turquoise, pillarbox red, mid-green, cherry-red, Royal-blue and dark brown. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 57/9; 36 and 38in. bust, 59/9. Postage 4/6 extra.

No. 268. — TABLE-MAT SET AND SERVIETTES

Pretty and practical table-mat set with serviettes to match are available cut out and clearly traced to embroider with a flower motif on check gingham in pink, blue, red, and green, all with white. Set of 4 mats, 9/6, postage 1/-; set of 6 mats, 14/3, postage 1/6; each mat 2/6, postage 6d. Set of 4 serviettes, 3/6,, postage 1/-; set of 6 serviettes, 4/6, postage 1/6; each serviette, 1/-, postage 6d.

No. 269. — NIGHTGOWN AND MATINEE JACKET

Pretty nightgown and jacket outfit for baby is available cut out and clearly traced to embroider in no-iron plisse in white, pale blue, and pale pink, and in flannelette in white, pink, blue, and lemon. Will fit an infant to 18 months. Nightgown is 19/6, postage 2/6 extra; matinee jacket, 12/9, postage 1/3 extra; complete set, 29/9, postage 2/9 extra.

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AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning May 23

ARIES
The Ram
MARCH 21-APRIL 20

★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, rose. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in the printed word.

★ If still at school there may be important news for you or a decision in regard to your future career. If a part-time student intending to improve your qualifications for a job or if attending classes in the domestic arts, textbooks will be the key to progress. Otherwise, an announcement or advertisement could start you a new venture.

TAURUS
The Bull
APRIL 21-MAY 20

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in a crowded outlining.

★ You will be most successful in busy places where many congregate. You are likely to find what you seek in a big store. If looking for a bargain, a job, or a major investment, go to the big centre or headquarters. In some cases, if young and eligible, an office romance is on the cards. A new associate of your own sex can become a firm friend.

GEMINI
The Twins
MAY 21-JUNE 21

★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, black. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck in your quick wits.

★ Your mercurial personality will be functioning at top speed. Whether you are trying to put over a business deal, eager to persuade a group of people to adopt a pet plan of yours, or anxious to make the right impression on the person you hope may some day become your life mate, you'll drip charm. Quick wits may earn the gratitude of others.

CANCER
The Crab
JUNE 22-JULY 22

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, green. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in a quiet interlude.

★ There may be fewer social engagements than usual. Possibly you decide to stay home and save your money or you wish to spend time on neglected tasks in connection with home or wardrobe. There will be an inclination to prefer books, magazines, TV to gallivanting about. If there's a love affair in bud, day-dreaming may be a favorite occupation.

LEO
The Lion
JULY 23-AUGUST 22

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, white. Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday. Luck in the out-of-doors.

★ Whether player or spectator, the game's the thing. Your team might have an unexpectedly good run of luck; in any case you'll enjoy the excitement whatever the outcome. Family expeditions to places of interest never visited before are well aspected; picnics may be rained on, but this could add zest to the occasion if you are young, adventurous.

VIRGO
The Virgin
AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, black. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck in leadership.

★ You set the pace; others will follow. Should you be put in charge of a special job, act as president of an organisation, or convener of a committee, stand for public office, friends and supporters flock to you. Many of you come before the public in some capacity. The chief danger lies in tension and nervous strain, beforehand.

LIBRA
The Balance
SEPTEMBER 24-OCTOBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, orange. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck in travel.

★ Travelling to work, you might have a little adventure which brings you into contact with an old friend or helps you become acquainted with a new one. On a day-long journey you could lose your way and enjoy new scenery. If you're planning holiday or long-leave travel, there is the pleasure of anticipation and reading travel literature.

SCORPIO
The Scorpion
OCTOBER 24-NOVEMBER 22

★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, it. blue. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday. Luck in a challenge.

★ A brainwave may help you to turn a liability into an asset. You may remodel an article you dislike; this could be anything from a piece of furniture to a frock or hat. Should you have a problem on your hands in connection with a difficult neighbor or conflicts at home or at work, you'll find a solution which satisfies everybody.

SAGITTARIUS
The Archer
NOVEMBER 23-DECEMBER 20

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, silver. Gambling colors, silver, gold. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck through best-beloved.

★ If a teenager, that boy-friend may invite you to a wonderful party. If in the twenties, your romance may be climaxed with the announcement of your engagement. If already married, your life partner is likely to receive a distinction or take a step up in career. If a parent, you and your husband agree on a matter involving the children.

CAPRICORN
The Goat
DECEMBER 21-JANUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, mauve. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in jobs done.

★ You're all business, down to earth, impatient to get things done. You may drive others, but you'll drive yourself hardest. There's a long list of jobs to be done and you won't start the next until you've finished the previous item. Your home, your wardrobe will benefit ;also your garden. If you have one. You may prod the man-in-your-life into action.

AQUARIUS
The Waterbearer
JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, green. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck in romance.

★ For the young and impressionable ,the beginning of a love story in real life. For the slightly older, true love runs a zigzag course, has you starry-eyed one day, melancholy the next, but differences will be ironed out in the long run. Young marrieds could be happy over a present or little windfall to gratify a wish. For older people an autumn romance.

PISCES
The Fish
FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20

★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, white. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck on your doorstep.

★ Home has its points for sensitive folk who find the rough and tumble of life trying at times. You may take refuge at home and go over your affairs, personal and financial taking account of what you have achieved and what you hope to do. A few hours spent building castles in the air won't do any harm, provided you work out ways to make them come true.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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Continuing . . .

SHADOW OF GUILT

from page 60

"But Saxby was there, wasn't he—the Frankenstein's monster she'd brought in as an ally but who, when his own part of the scheme collapsed, had turned into the enemy."

"He wasn't going to scuttle out of New York and leave Ruth Kramer to live happily ever after as Mrs. Hadley. Not Saxby. The telephone call. Come over, bring the cheque."

"What time was it, Mrs. Lord? Sometime after three, I guess. Just time enough for you to give him the cheque while he burned the papers, and then to pick up the gun, shoot—and run. You were lucky you did it when you did, weren't you because Mr. Hadley showed up at your apartment at five minutes to four. You must just about have made it before he arrived."

Eve had been wearing a coat. Suddenly that little fact dug into me, splintering the ice with which I had been immobilised. When I'd come to my "sanctuary" in desperate need for Eve's help with my problem, she'd opened the door with her coat on. "I was just going out to mail a letter. Thank heaven I didn't miss you."

Behind the humiliation, the anguish, the stultifying exhaustion, there now was a hard, cruel little voice spelling everything out. I could see it all. That was almost the most terrible part of it. I was as positive of it all as if, all along without admitting it, I'd been conscious of the extreme and ludicrous folly of my "bid for a new life."

It had never been Eve, it had been Eve and Donald Saxby. All through my shabby idyll, Saxby had been hovering in the background, pulling the strings. The French restaurant! Of course. That chance meeting when for the very first time in our relationship it had been Eve who had suggested we go out to eat.

That had been part of it—part of their infinitely intricate plot. A little pressure on the husband now. I've got Alawhere I want her. This would be a good moment for me to surprise the husband kissing his secretary. I'll get him into the right mood for sanctioning the Stockbridge weekend.

Saxby, always Saxby. The most frustrating sensation in the world, I discovered, was the longing to kill a man who was already dead.

Somehow I had moved away from Eve. I was standing on my own, watching the two of them. Trant's face, stripped of its gentleness, was hard now as a rock. Eve's face didn't seem to be her face at all. It was the small, shrunken face of a little old woman.

"Well, Mrs. Lord, there isn't much point in going on with this, is there? You let Chuck get arrested. Just now you were hoping to pin it on Mrs. Hadley. And, of course, there was always Ala, if need be, wasn't there? Anyone, in fact, except Mr. Hadley. You needed Mr. Hadley as a far more desirable successor to Mr. Lord."

Eve stood looking at him from her shrunken little old woman's face and, when the words came out, they were tight and dry.

"There isn't any proof."

"Proof? But I'm afraid there is, Mrs. Lord." Trant's hand had gone to his pocket. "I sent a man over to Saxby's apartment tonight and he found it caught in the flue of the chimney. You shouldn't have thrown it on the fire, Mrs. Lord—not at a time when you were so emotionally disturbed.

"It was after the shooting, wasn't it? Hot air above a fire is buoyant, you know. If you don't watch out a piece of paper can very easily float up a chimney. It would have been much safer to have destroyed it at home, but I suppose you were very eager to get rid of it and never have to see it again—ever."

HIS hand came out of his pocket. He was holding an envelope. He opened it and carefully slid a piece of charred paper on to his palm.

"Your cheque, Mrs. Lord. And, as you will see, your signature is intact. Twenty-five thousand dollars. As I understand from the California police, that was the exact amount of your insurance on Mr. Lord. The name of the payee or most of it is burnt away. But the last three letters of it are there . . . xby."

He was putting the cheque back in the envelope and the envelope back in his pocket.

"Well," he said, "I guess this is it."

There was, I knew, no short cut for me away from humiliation. But already, very dimly, I could see the way ahead. Once you get kicked out of a fool's paradise, at least it's a comfort to know you had the kick coming to you. Connie had said that. I'd got the kick all right—George Hadley who had turned out to be the fool of the family.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Hadley." Trant's voice, quiet with sympathy—a doctor's voice—came through to me. "I'll be taking her away now. There won't be any need for you. In fact, I imagine it's about time you had a little talk with your wife, isn't it?"

My wife! At that moment when it seemed impossible that there could be any grain of comfort anywhere, I could hear Connie's voice as if she were speaking in my ear.

I was stupid, I know, but I thought things like that happened in all marriages, even good ones. I thought it was just a middle phase. You see, I was sure I had what I wanted, not quite the way I wanted it, of course, but I was always sure that would come back, too.

I watched Lieutenant Trant leading Ruth Kramer to the door.

THE END

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY — *By RUD*

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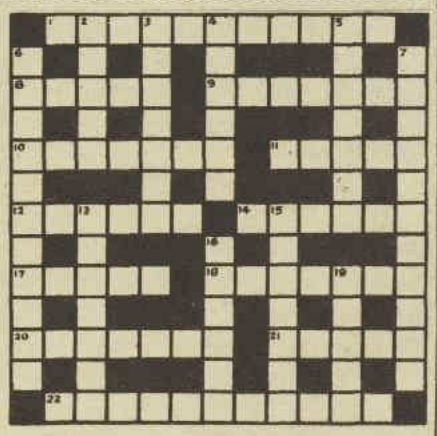
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THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



Solution will be published next week.

ACROSS

1. This must be the right way of thinking for a cheerful seer (5, 6).
8. Fine hard-twisted thread first made in France in the capital city of Nord (5).
9. Instinctive insect cut to pieces on a European mountain range (7).
10. Mountain with eternal beginning (7).
11. Arrange in folds a medical monkey (5).
12. Offer resistance, though the end shows that it is put on for effect (6).
14. Look at the cutting tool; good game for children (6).
17. Smooth and concise in Easter season (5).
18. Soothing (7).
20. Young female is your most precious possession (3, 4).
21. Little in the nursery (5).
22. These will break hard fruit (11).

DOWN

2. English indefinite article is French definite article in the church (5).
3. Trace back in an afterthought and then likes better (7).
4. This is time surrounded by troubled time (6).
5. Noisy tumults of our spar (7).
6. Colored drink containers full of blowflies and policemen (11).
7. To disturb this man would be a real eye-opener (5-6).
13. Pure van (Anagr., 7).
15. Place in Northumberland, England, famous for shipbuilding and ordnance works (7).
16. The most western of the three big peninsulas of Asia (6).
19. Mohammedan religious merdicant (5).

F	L	Y	I	N	G	S	A	U	C	E	R	S		
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P	A	R	E	N	T	H	E	T	I	C	A	L		

Solution of last week's crossword.

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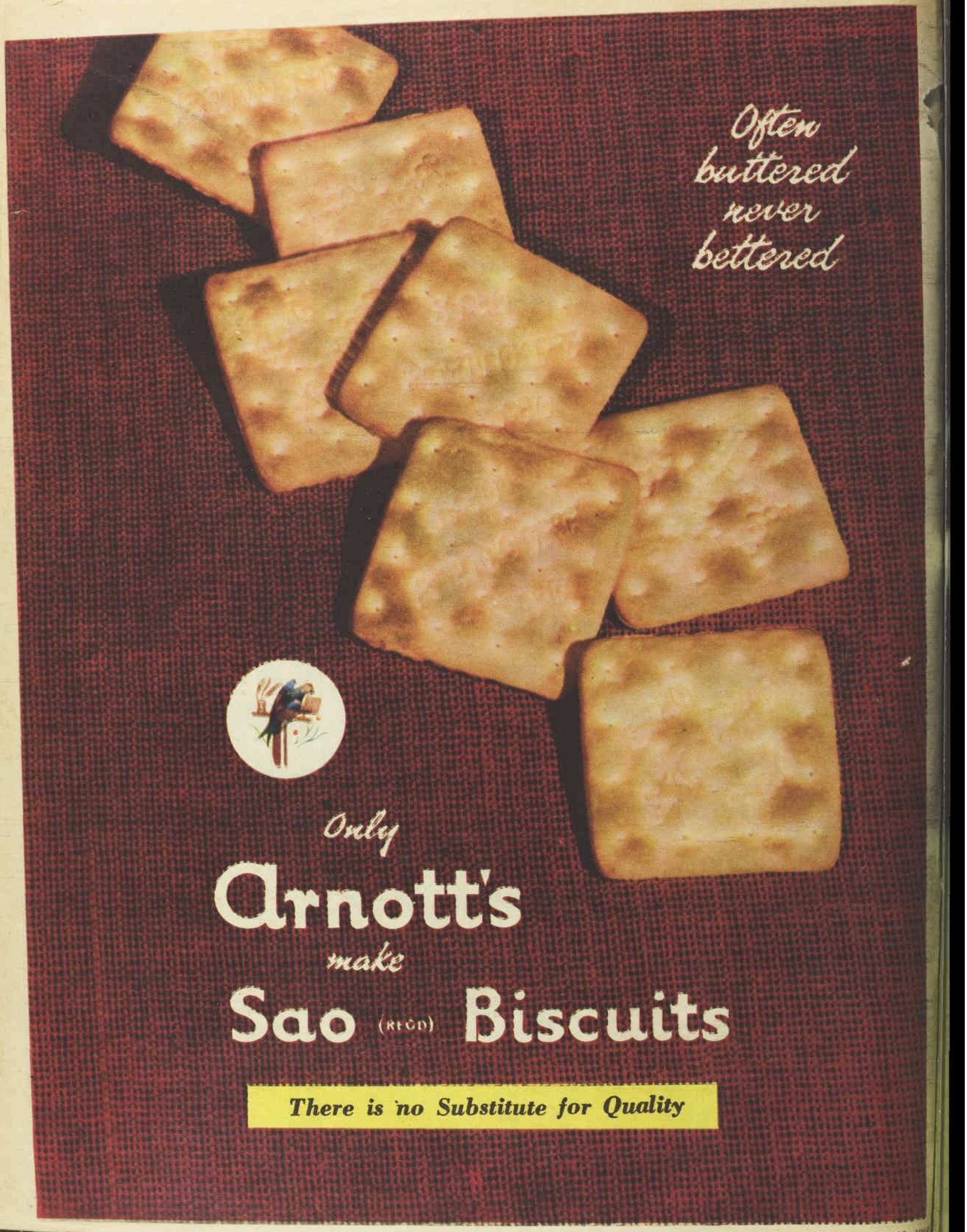
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